

Ailiu iath nErend

The Harp:

Exploring Categories
of Gaelic Wisdom

Mómó He-Who-Walks-Among-the-Dead

Mac-Tíre Ó Kieffe Gallagher

MANUSCRIPTS

“Dairg conneclabat fionn hEirenn 7 Alban ionn aonon rion, 7 bat
lana beoil fionn hEirenn 7 Alban ionn aonon rion.” Book of
Leinster, fo. 64a.

“For the men of Erin and Alba shall hear that
name (Cuchulain) and the mouths of the men of Erin
and Alba shall be full of that name.”

Do na daoine atá cróga agus dílis níl a dhath doiligh.

Ni fili nád chomge comathar na scéla uile.

1. Cáin Pádraig
2. Cáin Adamnáin
3. Coimgne agus Filidecht
4. Geasa
5. Coire Filíochta
6. Satire
7. Fitzgeralds Satire on Ó Brien 1300s
8. Fir Flathemon
9. Triads
10. Quads
11. Seanfhocail
12. Wisdom Dialogue
13. Epic Tales
14. Filíochta
15. Bloodlines
16. Elopements
17. Wooings
18. Pilgrimages
19. Violent Deaths
20. Catha
21. Water Disturbance
22. Migrations
23. Massacres
24. Major Thefts
25. Stone Tales
26. Prayers
27. Genealogy
28. Keening
29. Cautionary Tales
30. Lives of the Saints

31.Rebel songs

- 32. Banshee stories
- 33. Cailleach stories 39.
- 34. Bodach stories 41.
- 35. Ogham InscRIPTIONS .
- 36. Place Names
- 37. Ghost Stories
- 38. Animal Stories
- 39. Jokes
- 40. Fionn Mac Cumhal Stories

41.Martyr Stories

- 42. Heroic Tales
- 43. Survivor Stories
- 44. Traditions

Sgiath na h-Eamhna

The Vikings held potent sway
Over the people in Occupied Ireland,
Until Lughadh Lámhfháda arrived
And fought the Battle of Plain Old Tories

You pledged a false word, O man, That if the champion were destroyed by
you, Nobody after you should trust The oath of a Norseman. The women of
Munster will lament, If Cellachan comes to harm.
Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil

Gablánach in rét in scéluighecht. (branching * the * thing * the *
storytelling)

Storytelling is an intricate business.
Dennis King translated

A legend suggests that part of the O'Keeffe family fortune was thrown into
the well in the yard to save it from Cromwell's soldiery. This is an often
repeated story of those times, and it is perhaps sufficient to say that it has
never been found...

Bíodh a ráidh ar áth féim a chomhailfeat frium chlana Eoghain ann. Cineadh
Fiachach feirt a ndine a n-ólt gan ríghí, gan reacht (ríocht). -
Millteoireacht le Mogh Ruithe ar nDaoithe an Ardri

By the Funcheon's flowery side Ah ! Donall, Donall, Donall of Glenore Still
he loved her, as he loved her In the sunny days of yore

Ailiu iath nErend.
Ermach muir mothuch,
mothach sliabh sreathach,
sreathach coill ciothoch,
ciothach ab essach,
eassach loch lionnmar,
lindmar tor tiopra,
tiopra tuath oenaigh,
aenach righ Temra,
Teamair tor tuatha,
tuatha mac Miled,
Miledh long, libern, libern ard,
Ere, Ere ard, diclass, dichteal rogaeth:
ro gaes ban Breisi Bresie,
ban Buaighi;
be abdal Ére,
Eremhón ortus, Ír,
Ebir ailsius.
Ailiu iath nErenn.

O, fondest and fairest! O, lovely Glenora!
Go m-Badh Buan Bearla Saoi agus Naoimh.

I invoke the spirit of Ireland, Much-coursed be the fertile sea, Fertile be the
fruit strewn mountains, Fruit strewn be the showery wood, Showery be the
river of water-falls, Of water-falls be the lake of deep pools, Deep-pooled
be the hill-top well, A well of tribes be the assembly, An assembly of kings
be Tara, Tara be the hill of the tribes, The tribes be the sons of Mil, Of Mil
of the ships, the barks, Let the lofty bark be Ireland, Lofty Ireland, darkly
sung,

An incantation of great cunning; The great cunning of the wives of Bres, the wives of Bres of Buaighe; The great lady Ireland, Eremon hath conquered her, Ir, Éibhear have invoked for her, I invoke the land of Ireland.

Translated by Professor MacNeill, Anthology of Irish Verse, Padraic Colum, 1922.

Is aoibhinn dán draoithe is dáimh Sgaoilfear cách atá fe'n amadh Chíofar clár Uí Chaoimh gan spás 'Ge an Rígh nách nár, tá'n báire ag Air an da Fearmaighé Riaghail do righthibh

O'er many a long mile did they flee, The dove, the raven stained with gore,
And found beneath the Murderer's tree The young heir of Glenore, --A
bloody, ghastly corpse was he By murmuring Funcheon's fairy shore. From
The Green Dove and the Raven

Forbhais Droma Dámhgháir translated

Seán Ó Duinn, Mullach Abú

"The soil of this area was brought to Mogh Roith and this was earth he chose as his own saying: "Sliab um figh. figh um magh. magh cu srothaihh sainemlaibh. fo midhabunn. fo sruthabunn. fo nemhleith. rasuighthe sealg. sernfaid slechtaibh. sluaghuibh sochaidibh solmhaibh. airdíbh echtghonaighaigsig anairmrinnid. iarann fou, iarunn forro. fir mhu mna fir mu maic. fir mu cliom. fir muichit. fir dianaibh togairter do neimib nathrach do chaidib dracon. co lutha lonnaidi co lainnibh langhaile. mar luisin lanadhbhuil. fo lasair lainerdha. letras fraech for cocnus figh silas sliabh". Sliab.' '

Mogh Roith made his choice of this territory and addressing his people he made certain recommendations to them: 'to be equally venomous and affectionate, and as wily as serpents living in the one nest. Their nature is to

have so much affection for each other that no one of them prefers his own good to the good of the others. That is how I wish my family to be – to act together in harmony – and while such is the case the area around them will not resist their growth ... It is not by guarantees that I give my support but only by means of their own affection, being ready to abide by the contract and living in friendly terms with the descendants of Fiacha. When it happens, however, that they are at variance with each other, this will be the opportunity for the very people that I am helping today to come and oppress my family and deprive them of their land, so that they will disappear from destitution and the man from the mountains surrounding them will say: 'Wasn't this the territory that the famous Fir Maighe once occupied?' It is for this reason that I call them the renowned Fir Maighe for I recommend them to the skilled in every craft, to have a noble bearing and to be men who will always defend Mumhan." UCC Irish Sagas in translation Website

Infant heir of proud Fermoy, Fear not fields of slaughter; Storm and fire fear not, my boy, But shun the fatal water.

The O'Keeffes were an Irish family of the Eóghanachta and held extensive land around the plains of Fermoy from where they were driven westward by the advance of the Norman Roches, Condons and FitzGerald.

They then became established around the area of Dromagh, which was their principal fortress. They traced their name from Caomh, Son of Fionguine, who was killed in battle in 908 A.D. His name is also associated in semi-myth form an earlier period in which he was said to have been assisted by the Druid Mogh Ruith in war, and afterwards married the Druid's daughter Clíodhna, head of the Munster [Banshees].

<http://www.okeefeclan.org/2013/castles/dromagh.htm> material from The Castles of County Cork With 72 line drawings and 10 maps by the author James N. Healy, p. 331-332, Mercier Press.

Mogh Ruith baffled the druids' arts, and got the reward for that.
Fiacha of Mumha broke the strength of the Northerns.
Mogh Ruith only destroyed their wizardry.

THE CONTENTION OF THE BARDS EDITED WITH TRANSLATION, NOTES,
GLOSSARIES, Etc. BY REV. L. McKENNA, SJ., M.A.

There is a proverb to be used at times " getting out is different from going in." ...Were I the only man alive of Eibhear's race — that is the truth of the matter — I would not leave you a single foot of land in the North as the price of peace with you. Art Óg Ó Caoimh,CONTENTION OF THE BARDS

I think you should not have invented your story of the wizardry of the old druid Mogh Ruith at oxen-rich Druim Damhghaire, seeing that it was all superstition !

THE CONTENTION OF THE BARDS EDITED WITH TRANSLATION, NOTES,
GLOSSARIES, Etc. BY REV. L. McKENNA, SJ., M.A.

Cúchulainn: 'Beó duine d' éis a anma, agus ní beó d' éis a oinigh.' [Foghlaim Chonculainn infra 276] In the same spirit, Cúchulainn, having heard the druid Cathbha prophesy...

As it was Mogh who exacted his terms, " Mogh's Half," not " Fraoch's Half " is the name of the Half — really more than a half — which was held by Eoghan. As you ascribed Eoghan's power to Fraoch.,,, Date Caesari quae sunt Caesaris.

THE CONTENTION OF THE BARDS EDITED WITH TRANSLATION, NOTES, GLOSSARIES, Etc. BY REV. L. McKENNA, SJ., M.A.

THE DRUID AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS. In the beginning of the eighth century there lived in the country of Alla a prince called Caomh, or "gentle", who was the head of the illustrious sept of O'Keeffe, and governed then a large tract, bounded on the west by the territory of Luacardhea (now Kerry), and extended to the east as far as the county of Waterford, including the fertile plain called Feur-magh-Feine (now Fermoy). Fermoy was the inheritance of the Draoi Ruadh, the last of the Druids, who had the reputation of great wisdom, experience and bravery. He was the faithful ally of the [chief] of Munster, whose life he saved in battle, together with his army, when reduced to the last extremity of the [chief] of Leathcuin. He raised a great storm by his art, which bewildered the enemy, so that they were under the necessity of laying down their arms and submitting to the mercy of the conqueror, who gave them their lives and liberty at the intercession of the Druid, on condition of yielding up the disputed lands and giving hostages for their future peaceable and good conduct.

Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society, March 1897

Clíodhna, the Queen of the Fairies of South Munster. [The following legend

is from an old manuscript which I do not think was ever printed. It is dedicated – “To Keefe O’Keefe, esq., the representative of that illustrious sept, the following fairy legend is most respectfully by the Mathew Horgan, 1839

MAQI DECCEDA. SAFITORA NI AS

Keefe O’Keefe, esq., the representative of that illustrious sept, mac Caeimh Hi Caeimh, mac Caeim, Ua Eógain...ua Each, Ua Mogha, do Shil Catail, ... mac Áirdrigh... Pobal Uí Chaoimh, Tiarna Fir Maige Féne. Ó Caoimh, gecc a Gleandomhain. Mac Sadhbh Amhaltach, Cara Sheila Meskill. : The lord of Feara Muighe of smooth mounds "The royal foot transfixed, the gushing blood Enrich'd the pavement with a noble flood."

Ó Kieffe of the handsome brown brows

Is chief of Irluachair of the fertile lands.

1839 Fr. Matthew Horgan records what shepherd said in densely forested Fermoy: The quantity of timber is very great, and there are mounds of earth raised round them for better preservation. In summer they afford an agreeable shade, and in winter the rain can scarcely penetrate through them, their boughs are so thickly matted together.

Bodh Dearg solicited by the Irish plenipotentiary to assist the Fenians against the invasion by the King of the World under the allegation that the Fenians had rendered his people, the Túatha DeDánans, much service ...

Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society Meeting, Wednesday, May 10th, 1893 [Fr. Matthew Horgan]...is well entitled to the notice of posterity for having boldly ventured to erect a round tower in each of the two places of which his parish consisted. Although departing somewhat from the original models, he yet retained sufficient of their character to stamp his works with a close kinship to their prototypes. As a designer and builder of round towers he must be considerably dealt with,

when it is remembered that he was separated from the latest of those erected by his predecessors by a space of nearly a thousand years... ..As a poet he composed many pieces in the Irish language, notably "Gortroe," an elegy in imitation of the ancient Irish Caoine, and "The Legend of Cahir Conri," the first of which has been translated by the Rev. J. Murphy, Adm., Queenstown[Cobh], and the latter by the talented Dr. Kenealy... ..But it is, perhaps, as the inventor or discoverer of the key-word Maqui, "of the son of," [Q-Celtic] by which archaeologists are enabled to correctly read Ogham inscriptions, that Father Matt will be best remembered. His Ogham key is now almost universally adopted, a proof that the good old Sagart, as an antiquarian, did not labour in vain.

He died on the 1st of March, 1849, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and is buried in the transept of his church at Blarney, within range of the shadow of his favourite round tower... ..Among the principal authors selected from the list of Father Man's colleagues may be mentioned John Windele, Richard Sainthill, John Lindsay, Rev. Richard Smiddy, R. R. Brash, Messrs. Bolster, Abell, Willes, Jennings, Murphy, Keleher, and O'Dell. There are no less than 170 vols. of John Windele's MSS. in the Royal Irish Academy, of which 42 vols. are wholly in the Irish language—no small testimony to the research and industry of their author, an industry well imitated by the other members of this talented group...

An Leabhar Muimhneach Translated 1703 Rev. Eóghan Ó Caoimh Parish priest and Poet of Doneraile, North Cork When the time came for the child to be born, the druid said, "Daughter, if it is today that you shall bear the child, he shall be a druid; but if he is not born until tomorrow, the child shall be [chief] and his descendants shall be a royal race." Muncha said: "My son shall not be born until tomorrow so that he shall be [chief]. The daughter of [the Druid] Dil's then goes to the River Suir, to Ath Hisil on the

Suir. There was a great flagstone in the middle of the ford there - she lay flat on the stone until daybreak on the following day. It is time now, O daughter - said her father, "to bear the child." The wonderful talented youth was then born, in the middle of the flagstone that is Fiacha [debt] Muilleathan [flat-headed] - father of all the Eóghanachta (tribe of [Eógan] Owen). Noble was the youth then born - Fiacha Fer da Liach i.e., Fiacha the Man of two Sorrows; his father was slain the day after his conception, his mother on the day of his birth... Good was the [chief] Fiacha Muilleathan A great territory the Half [Leath Mhogha] over which he ruled He brought hostages from Tara the Strong To Rathfuim to Rath Naoi Though he was great; Cormac Ua Cuinn He bowed to the [chief] of Tir Duinn (Munster)
<http://www.iol.ie/~kevnilse/eoghantx.html>

A New History of Ireland, Volume II: Medieval Ireland 1169-1534 edited by Theodore William Moody, Art Cosgrove, Francis John Byrne The cultural unity of Ireland, as reflected in the standard literary language, was maintained by the [people] of learning...who, whatever their provincial loyalties, established an agreed history and pseudo-history of Ireland, the senchas coitchenn. Ulster saga material was composed by Munster poets and preserved in manuscripts at Clonmacnoise and in Leinster.

Roland Smith, speaking of Irish wisdom-texts generally, stated that "they would seem to represent the slow growth, anonymously, of popular proverbial literature, added to from generation to generation, and finally collected and classified by an industrious scribe": "Fithal and Flann Fina," Revue Celtique 47 (1930): 33.

Without hesitation I say that women like O'Keeffe are dangerous to this world of affairs, especially dangerous when they are artists...look sharp[!], you worlds who see in flag-waving an excuse for murder, and in power, your privilege to abuse. The O'Keeffes are coming! Blanche Matthias, Chicago Evening Post, 1926, via Georgia O'Keeffe A Life by Roxanna Robinson

Annals of Innisfallen The death of Úallach, 'female poet of Ireland', is listed here for the year 934 AD.
bodleyan.ox.ac.uk

"A feigned amnesia around the uncomfortable aspects of our shared history" Michael D Higgins

History's witness will persevere. Let us muster as a ring fort To guard and cherish our oidhreacht... ..May God look kindly on generations Past and

present and yet unborn, Give fortitude, so we'll join together, Always
willing to share and learn. Tommy Frank Ó Connor

Nuala O'Faolain "What makes a woman into a doormat? What makes her
see some quite ordinary other person as a looming Goliath? And are not
these relationships such an outrage to reality that they cannot last a
lifetime?"

from THE REFORMATION. Written in the year 1652, by Samuel Butler. From
his Posthumous Works. ...Men of souls so base and low, Meer bigots of the
nation ; Whose designs are power and wealth, At which by rapine, power,
and stealth, Audaciously they vent're ye ; They lay their consciences aside,
And turn with every wind and tide, Puff'd on by ignorance and pride, And
all to look like gentry.

Crimes are not punish' d 'cause they're crimes, But cause they're low and
little : Mean men for mean faults in these times Make satisfaction to a
tittle ; While those in office and in power Boldly the underlings devour, Our
cobweb laws can't hold 'em ; They sell for many a thousand crown Things
which were never yet their own, And this is law and custom grown, 'Cause
those do judge who sold em.

THE WOUNDS OF THE LAND OF FODLA Aoghán Ó Rathaille Wicked, alien
boars it was that forced us under great oppression ; I beseech the only Son
of God to grant relief to the-Gaels.

To guarantee this societal transformation, all the settlers, including the
Gaelic Irish, were to adhere to a strict set of conditions which required them
to use English language, dress and customs, and not to make use of the
Gaelic brehon law system Vincent P. Carey, Irish Historical Studies, Vol. 31,

No. 123 (May, 1999), pp. 305-327. From JSTOR.

And when the broken hearted people Living in the world agree, There will
be an answer, let it be. — Ó Lennon/McCartney

"ba breithem, ba coimgnid cain" Peritia viii 125 § 1 ."

from One Root

Blánaid Salkeld

Hush, I will hedge you round with mightiness Of my wild broke-up passions
and desires— Fold you in magic garment of my prayer— So pain shall
never touch your heart, nor fires Of Time obscure for you God's upper air. I
put on sea-shells for you, so you'd know I had the secret of your origin...

Rosc Catha le Mogh Ruith

Buinn fria bráth Brígh fria dloimh ceannbheach cath. Dígla (díglá) daigh ó
bhrígh aird saer ní cheal go bhrígh mbáin. I ndeoin áedh ón tsruth theas
díán túar brígh go sruth thuaidh. Slúaigh nár thib. Cinnbhea damh fó gach
colg re a ndul amach i ndeoin ard cinnbhea damh fo barr scíath a ghlinn.
Brigde go háth Cliath in arbáid sin Cíd na conn, bed fo mblog, for mbia
mairg romhuidh. Díl rom chealt. Ceannmahr, Muiche, Buireach, Beant, Or
nár comhbhrígh friu (go) beacht, Dóibh bás olc. Fía muintir, cinnbhea
damh. Toradh toinn, ní bat gluinn faífait buinn.

English Philosopher THomas Hobbes Leviathan 1651 'If in this case, at the making of Peace, men require for themselves, that which they would not have to be granted to others, they do contrary to the precedent law, that commandeth the acknowledgement of naturall equalitie, and therefore also against the law of Nature. The observers of this law, are those we call Modest, and the breakers Arrogant Men. The Greeks call the violation of this law PLEONEXIA, that is, a desire of more than their share. '

...They were not in security as regards oppression-- the progeny [of] Nemed - at the hands of Conaing with hard body and at the hands of More son of Dela . Two-thirds of their shapely children, it was not generous against military weakness-- a lasting tax through ages of the world-- twothirds of corn and of milk Conaing's tower with store of plunder of a union of the crimes of hundreds of rapine, a fortress of assembly of the art of the rage of the Fomoiré of the sea.

Lebor Gabala Erin

John W. Ritenbaugh [describes pleonexia's symptoms in some detail] as "ruthless selfseeking and an arrogant assumption that others and things exist for one's own benefit" These people sold "success" as an end in itself. Frequently lurking within their presentations was the idea of achieving success by taking advantage of human nature. Everyone, they said, desires to conform, to keep up with the Joneses, to be the first to own something, to be thought of as "somebody," to pamper themselves or simply to own attractive things. People, especially those who stand to make a profit, take advantage of human nature's desires. Using various psychological ploys, they persuade the public to buy products that seemingly everybody else already has. They want their targets to feel backward and unsophisticated if they do not compete and lust for the same material things and status as their neighbors. wikipedia

By Blarney Kings blindfold the nations, By Blarney statesmen buy and sell
the [saoirse] of the people, By Blarney politicians degrade and use the
people, By Blarney pretended patriots delude their followers, By Blarney
preachers, poets, divines, liberators are enabled to delude the human race
on their own vile and mercenary purposes and sordid vile ends As told by
Nora Buckley to Catherine White Ballyveerane, Co. Cork found at duchas.ie

"If it is true that we cannot possess knowledge of what is good in any
absolute sense, it is equally true that we have an ethical duty to decide
between what is better and what is worse." — Richard Kearney, Poetics of
Imagining: Modern and Post-Modern

But where's the heart as firm and true As hill, or lake, or Avondu?"
JJ Callanan

Ne'er was heart so good and true, Down by Funcheon's river

Trí caindle forosnat cach ndorcha: fír, aicned, ecna.
Three candles that illumine every darkness: truth, nature, knowledge

"Ma's maith leat a bheith buan caith fuar agus TEITH".

"We shall tread the dust of ages, Musing dream-like on the past, Seeking
on the broad earth's pages For the shadows time hath cast ; Waking up
some ancient story, From each prostrate shrine or hall, Old traditions of a
glory Earth may never more recall." Journal Of the Cork Historical &
Archaeological Society, vol VIV second series 1908

...[T]he work of interpretation is never finished. Given a basic acquaintance
with its traditional significance and functions, re-engagement with the text

[or any cultural artifact] can lead to new insight and an understanding of the relevance of the text's meaning to our own circumstances and concerns. This involves acts of interpretation, on the contemporary reader's part, of both the past and the present significance of the text in question, acts that reveal and attest to the creative nature of interpretation itself. Such an engagement with a traditional text is regarded by folklore scholarship as a valid form of reconceptualization or selective construction. As such, it involves the symbolic creation of a connection between aspects of the present and an assigned interpretation of the past and its representation in textual tradition." Gearóid Ó Cruaíoch, *The Book of the Cailleach*, University College Cork Press, 2003

Success to loved Erin, all blessings upon her ! While breezes Atlantic waft health to her shores, And O may her sons by no act of dishonour Make nations look towards her in scorn. -Playwright John O'Keeffe

In the latter era the monasteries contained the chief collections of books then extant, and here, in the scriptorium belonging to each, their multiplication lay transcribing was sedulously carried on. But this labour was not entirely monopolized in Ireland by ecclesiastics : there was another class, a relic of the old bardic system, which combined the Ollav (or professor), the Brehon (or lawyer), the Filea (or poet), the Seánachuidhe (antiquary, historian, or herald), and the Scealuidhe (or romancer), who also cultivated the national literature in its various departments.

These orders, necessarily laic, formed hereditary corporations, and enjoyed lands and estates, granted for the exclusive use of the literary profession by the munificence of kings and chieftains. So late as the commencement of the seventeenth century, Camden writes of the Irish nobility :—" They have their historians who record their exploits, physicians, poets called Bards,

and harpers, each of whom have lands assigned them, and each of these professions, in every territory, form distinct families, as Breahans of one lineage and name, the historians of another, and so of the rest." —Gough's " Camden," vol. iv., p. 467. THE JOURNAL KILKENNY AND SOUTH-EAST OF IRELAND ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. VOL. I NEW SERIES. 1856-57 THE BOOK OF MACCARTHY REAGH. BY JOHN WINDELE, ESQ. p.370-

Never was literature so cherished as in ancient Erinn ; in one county Dunnagall, the rental of the lands bestowed on the Ollavs, or Doctors in Learning, was equal to £2000year, of the present currency [1860].—(For proofs, see Annals of the Four Masters, or Irish Penny Journal, vol. I., p. 229.) Seanfhocla Uladh 1907.

Cáin Pádraig

The Basis of Féineachas Law, the Law Beyond all Grace

"The society depicted here...was of slow and methodical growth and development...with clearly defined ranks, professions, trades, and industries; and in general with those various pursuits and institutions found in every well-ordered community: a society compacted and held together by an all-embracing system of laws and customs, long established and universally recognised. From the account here given, and from the evidences adduced in this and in the larger work, we may see that the [Gaelic] Irish were as well advanced in civilisation, as orderly, and as regular, as the people of those other European countries of the same period that—like Ireland—had a proper settled government; and it will be shown farther on that they were famed throughout all Europe for Religion and Learning."
— P. W. Joyce, A SMALLER SOCIAL HISTORY OF ANCIENT IRELAND, 1906

'There is an extensive and varied extant corpus of medieval Irish theological material, both in Latin and the vernacular, from the seventh century onwards. Yet, apart from Eriugena and his rough contemporaries at the Carolingian court, the philosophical significance of pre-scholastic Irish contributions to the development of Christian theology has been almost completely neglected.... In The Prologue to Senchas Már, the high-[chief], Loegaire, following St. Patrick's defeat of his magi (druid)[The standard Latin translation of 'druí' (i.e. druid) in medieval Irish literature is 'magus'.] in a contest of miracles, assembles the best of the men of Ireland to discuss their laws. Before Patrick arrives, those assembled express their fear that moral and political chaos will result if the 'Law of Forgiveness' (cain dilguda), preached by Patrick, is adopted. |

They resolve to pay a man, Núadu, to kill a member of Patrick's household,

intending to accept Patrick's 'Law of Forgiveness' if he forgives the crime, and to reject it if he does not.¹¹ Patrick's reaction is to look up to heaven, after which earthquakes ensue, causing the men of Ireland to plead the forgiveness preached by Patrick. But he refuses to make a judgement on the matter himself, rather entrusting it to the 'royal-poet' (ríg iled) of Ireland, Dubthach. Patrick lays hands on Dubthach, so that he may judge the matter by means of the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.¹³ However, there is another sense in which Dubthach was already thus inspired. He was chosen for this task as a representative of the 'righteous poets and judges of the men of Ireland',¹⁴ through whom the Holy Spirit revealed the 'Law of Nature' (recht aicnid),¹⁵ in a manner comparable to the patriarchs and prophets of Scripture. The 'Law of Nature', made known through these righteous poets and judges, is contrasted with the 'Law of Scripture' (recht litre), which has now been made known to Ireland through Patrick. Neither Dubthach nor Patrick are able to conciliate the apparent conflict between the respective Laws of Nature and Scripture on their own, since each is limited to one side of the dilemma or the other. However, when, at Patrick's hands, Dubthach also receives the Holy Spirit as it is manifest according to the Law of Scripture, he comes to occupy a position that is beyond the difference between natural and scriptural, secular and ecclesiastical forms of revelation. His transcendence of their mutual distinction allows him to judge the entirety of preChristian Irish learning in relation to that of the Church, thus distinguishing what truly belongs to the Law of Nature from what does not, so that the Law of Nature, thus defined, may be incorporated into a single law together with the, now reinterpreted, Law of Scripture. This is further defined as a determination of what parts of the earlier tradition 'did not go against God's word in the Law of Scripture, or in the New Testament, or against the consciences of the faithful...' A Law beyond Grace in The Prologue to Senchas Már Daniel James Watson

Maynooth University

Three chief artisans of Ireland : Tassach with St. Patrick, Conlaed with St. Brigit, and Daig with St. Ciaran.

Irish Chiefs and High-Chiefs Francis John Byrne, 1973 The Old Irish poem on the Passion by Blathmac mac Con Brettan ... describes Christ as: ferr fáith, fisidin cech druí rí ba hepscop, ba lánsui Better he than prophet, more knowledgeable than any druid A Chief who was bishop and full sage More excellent his form than that of any human being, more vigorous his stout vigour than that of any wright, wiser than any breast under heaven, more just than any Brehon. ...

Cáin Adamnáin

The Liberation and Equality of Women, Lex Innocentum

Cáin Adomnáin, 697: the Irish 'Geneva Convention' Máire O'Dwyer,
January/February 2015, History Ireland magazine

Adomnán, the ninth abbot of Iona, is well known for his biography of St Columba. A lesser-known achievement was the promulgation in 697 of Cáin Adomnáin, the 'Law of the Innocents', Lex Innocentium. In the ninth-century Martyrology of Tallaght, Féilire Óengusso, the entry for 23 September reads:

Do Adamnán lae Asa tóidlech tóiden Ro ír Ísu úasal Sóerad mbúan mban nGóidel.

The Celtic scholar Whitley Stokes gives the following translation:

To Adamnán of Iona Whose troop is radiant, Noble Jesus has granted The lasting liberation of the women of the Gaels.

One of the first laws ever enacted for the protection of non-combatants in war, Cáin Adomnáin was the Geneva Convention of its day. Paragraph 34 sets out the purpose of the law:

'This is the enactment of Adamnan's Law in Ireland and Britain: exemption of the Church of God with her [community] and her emblems and her sanctuaries and all her property . .

The [law] is a perpetual law on behalf of clerics and women and innocent children...The gathering in this case, at Birr, Co. Offaly, was an unusual event, resembling a combination of a royal assembly and an ecclesiastical

synod....

Cáin Adomnáin contains a list of 91 names, ostensibly those who gathered at Birr and who stood guarantor for the implementation of the law. The list has been examined by Máirín Ní Dhonnchadha, one of the contributors to *Adomnán at Birr, AD 697*, a volume published to mark the 1,300th anniversary of the synod in 1997...The list contains the names of the highest chiefs and ecclesiastics in the land, including the 'chief of Ireland', Loingsech mac Oengus, a kinsman of Adomnán, and Fland Febla, the 'sage-bishop' of Armagh and the highest ecclesiastic in Ireland excepting only Adomnán himself.

an alliance with such a widely respected and powerful churchman fostered the Uí Néill position in relation to the 'exceptional' [Chieftdom] of Tara. Many commentators stress the benefit to the Columban familia emanating from enactment of the law, and the advantage it conferred on a community that had become less influential since the Synod of Whitby in 664. Episodes from Adomnán's *Life of Columba* illustrate Adomnán's genuine holiness and concern for the vulnerable. And, in keeping with the general tenor of the early Christian church in Ireland, the promotion of peace in a violent society was no doubt a fundamental factor. Thomas O'Loughlin, editor of *Adomnán at Birr*, says that peace was a primary motivator: '[the law] was a deliberate attempt to establish a more peaceful society'.

*A scholar called Gilbert Márkus 2008 says the manuscript for Cáin Adamnáin was most likely assembled and contextualised at Raphoe.

1022 Maelcobha O'Gallchobhair, the abbot of St. Eunan's in Skreen, died. ARE, ii, 802.

1450 Bishop O'Gallagher died... Donncha O'Gallagher, the successor of St. Eunan died. ARE, iv, 966, 970

Adamnan, who was born in 624 A.D., was devoted to his mother. One day she said to him : " Your dutifulness is good ; however, that is not the duty that I desire, but that you should free women for me, free them from encounter, from camping, from fighting, from hosting, from wounding, from slaying, from the bondage of the cauldron."

The two had just seen a battlefield, near Drogheda, where many women lay slain, with their babes on their breasts, motherless. Adamnán determined to fulfil his mother's desire, but to do so, he had to endure great tortures, and horrible penances for many years. At last angels came to deliver him from these, but he said : "I will not arise until women are freed for me."

And the angel answered : " By reason of your sufferance you shall have all you ask of God."

THE ROMANCE OF IRISH HEROINES. L. M. McCRAITH Author of "A GREEN TREE" 'THE SUIR: FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA" ETC

Coimcne

From earliest times, the Irish were a scholarly and a literary people, who honoured their bards, ollaves (historians), and brehons (judges) equally with their Rí (chiefs). L. M. McCRAITH

"[I]maginative life and cultural knowledge can be regarded as constituting a universe of discourse that is both a symbolic product of consciousness in Ireland and a symbolic process whereby Irish experience is represented and communicated within Irish consciousness and Irish culture. The term

coimcne was used a thousand years ago to mean just such a shared universe of cultural discourse. Its literal meaning is 'mutual wisdom' and it emphasizes both the sharing of cultural knowledge and the central importance of the knowledge shared; such knowledge being necessary for the comprehension of life experience and the proper conduct of social life." The Book of the Cailleach by Gearóid Ó Cruaíoch

[Filidecht and Coimgne by Sean Mac Airt, Ériu, Vol. 18 (1958), pp. 139- 152. 'In the traditional view of the growth of history, coimgne ranks with the early inventions ascribed to the [chiefs] of Munster. These discoveries are in turn gold and silver, , fessa and forbessa, memorials in Ogam (cuimni i nogmaib), pillar-stones (coirthi) for marking boundaries, and (jointly) coimgne and filidecht. ']

I acclaim the Cauldron of Érmæ [movement] with understandings of grace with accumulations of knowledge with strewings of imbas, [the great knowledge which illumines] the estuary of wisdom the uniting of scholarship the stream of splendour the exalting of the un-noticed ones the mastering of language quick understanding the darkening of speech artificer of coimcne [all the ancestral and practical mutual wisdom] the cherishing of pupils, where what is due is attended to where senses are distinguished where one approaches musical art where knowledge is propagated where the calm and gentle and capable are enriched where the good people who have gone unnoticed gain notice and respect where legendary names are exalted where praises are related by lawful means with distinctions of competencies according to the needs of the people with pure estimation of nobility with the fair speech of wise people with streams of scholarship, a noble brew which is brewed the basis of all knowledge which is set out according to law which is advanced to after

study which imbues quickens which joy converts which is revealed through sorrow ; it is an enduring power whose protection does not diminish.

Coire Filíochta based on translation by Liam Breatnach Ériu, Vol. 32 (1981), pp. 45-93 (50 pages) Published by: Royal Irish Academy

"[I]maginative life and cultural knowledge can be regarded as constituting a universe of discourse that is both a symbolic product of consciousness in Ireland and a symbolic process whereby Irish experience is represented and communicated within Irish consciousness and Irish culture. The term coimcne was used a thousand years ago to mean just such a shared universe of cultural discourse. Its literal meaning is 'mutual wisdom' and it emphasizes both the sharing of cultural knowledge and the central importance of the knowledge shared; such knowledge being necessary for the comprehension of life experience and the proper conduct of social life." Gearóid Ó Cruaí, The Book of the Cailleach, University College Cork Press, 2003

"One is no Poet/Seer who does not synchronise and harmonise all the coimcne[mutual wisdom]." Book of Leinster

Cethri srotha déa éicsi Fourteen streams of scholarship Fele & innruccus. Science and integrity Comgne [coimcne] & genelach. History and genealogy Immas & dichetal. Great knowledge and chanting Anamain & brethugud. Anamain [metre used by top poets] and [legal]judgement Teinm laeda & ler forcetail. Breaking open [i.e. analysis] of poems and diligent teaching Idna láme & lanamnais. Purity of the hand [i.e. deeds] and partnership ["marriage", but can also be partnership of teacher and student] Idna beoil & foglomma. Purity of the mouth [i.e. speech] and learning <https://storyarchaeology.com/tag/teinm-laeda/>
Geasa

Prohibitions and Exhortations for Success in life.

O'Leary, P. (1988): 'Honour-bound: the Social Context of Early Irish Heroic geis', *Celtica* 20, 85-107.

The Ritual of the Crane Dance Curse in Irish Mythology Ali Isaac I was most intrigued when researching the Mythological Cycle of Irish mythology, I came across a reference to a strange rite performed by Lugh... prior to the Second Battle of Moytura.

...Lugh was heartening the men of Ireland that they should fight the battle fervently so that they should not be any longer in bondage.

...as I continued with my research, I came across other similarly strange behaviours; the cor deiseal, the imbas forosnai, the tarb-feis, and so on. I realised that Lugh's strange behaviour must be some type of ritual. And indeed it is, as I discovered recently. It is known in Irish as the corrguineacht, and is a form of magic-working, the power of which is intensified when practised standing on one leg, with one arm outstretched, and with one eye closed. The ritual position itself is known as glám dícenn. (meaning 'satire which destroys').

...In Irish mythology, Aoife, daughter of Daelbeth, and Luchra, daughter of Abhartach, both fell in love with Illbreac, who was a son of ... Manannán mac Lir. Illbreac only had eyes for the beautiful Aoife, however.

In a fit of jealous rage, Luchra turned Aoife into a crane, whereupon she flew to the lands of Manannán and lived there for two hundred years. When she died, Manannán was so sad, he used her feathery skin to make the crane-skin bag in which he kept all his magical treasures.

...This same bag later turned up in the possession of Cumhall, father of the legendary Irish hero, Fionn mac Cumhall. Cumhall was killed by Goll mac Morna, and the craneskin bag was stolen and given into the care of Lia, chieftain of Luachar in the province of Connacht.

...Midir was a son of the Dagda of the Tuatha de Danann. In the 'Guesting of Athirne', (Aigidecht Aitherni in Irish) it is told that Athirne, a miserly poet, came to Midir's house in Brí Léith and fasted against him. This is a legal procedure mentioned in the Brehon Law where a complainant could sit outside a person's house refusing food and drink, thus shaming him into putting right the complaint. I don't know how Midir wronged him, but in recompense he gave Athirne his three magical cranes which stood outside and guarded his house...

...Lugh was not the only person to use this position (like the crane) in which to invoke magic. The Goddess Badb also assumed this stance when she cursed High King Conaire Mór for breaking his geisa (vows) in the story of the 'Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel' (Togail Bruidne Dá Derga in Irish). The Morrigan assumes this position when she forecasts Cormac's doom in Togail Bruidne Dá Choca. Parthelon and his people invaded Ireland and fought a magical battle in which they were successful against the Fomori people which involved all the warriors standing in positions of power on one leg, with one arm behind their backs and one eye closed....

"In these legends the geis appears to be a feminine power used to attract men, to bind them and keep them in check. The women know that it is stronger than any other force: since it involves honour it touches the most vulnerable point of the heroic conscience and overrules all else. Thus women have access to an authority higher even than the demands of

honour, though apparently without a transcendent source."

Anne Bernard Kearney, *Lovers, Queens and Strangers: Strong Women in Celtic Myth*

James Hogg "For honour's the sum of the mind."

Originally fili seems to have meant 'seer' (e.g. McCone, 2005, 56), suggesting one who sees into the future, and thus carries with it an aura of power and magic, and this power of prophecy has been seen as similar to that of the druids (Kelly, 1988, 44). An important function of the fili was to satirize and to praise and he was thus largely responsible for the decrease or increase of early Irish society's most coveted attribute, honour (Kelly, 1988, 43). An example of potential loss of honour can be manifested in the following: Ro fóebra fúamann/ fó thuinn technatar/ ro dúisced fuil/ for a grúaide gnúis/ conid fodirc inna rus/ ro mbríatharaib bíth 'Verbal blades have cut beneath his skin, blood has been aroused onto his cheeks [and] aspect so that it is evident in his countenance that he has been wounded by words' (Bretha Nemed Toísech, CIH 2218.10- 12). Enech means both face and honour: 'from the original meaning 'face, countenance' the technical legal meaning 'honour, dignity' is a natural transition' (Binchy, 1941, 85). This association is illustrated in Aislinge Óenguso in the phrase meth n-enech 'loss of face/honour', and diandom fhoíme ar th'ínchaib 'if you receive me on your honour' (Shaw, 1976, 62-3)." -Satirical Narrative in Early Irish Literature Ailís Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh Ph.D. Degree NUI Maynooth

The awakening amongst women of a realisation of the fact that modern society was founded upon force and injustice, that the highest honours of society have no relation to the merits of the recipients, and that acute human sympathies were rather hindrances than helps in the world, was a phenomenon due to the spread of industrialism and to the merciless struggle for existence which it imposes.- James Connolly, *The Re-Conquest*

of Ireland, Chapter 6, First published 1915, checked against the edition published by New Books, Dublin 1972. Transcribed and marked up by Eide O'Callaghan

Where is the root of poetry in a person; in the body or in the soul? They say it is in the soul, for the body does nothing without the soul. Others say it is in the body where the arts are learned, passed through the bodies of our ancestors. It is said this is the seat of what remains over the root of poetry; and the good knowledge in every person's ancestry comes not into everyone, but comes into every other person. Coirí Filíochta Based on translation by Erynn Rowan Laurie

dobretha Medb filid ocus áes dána ocus áes glámtha grúaidi ara chend co nderntais a áerad ocus a aithised ocus a ainfiálad...Tánic Fer Diad leisna techtaib hísín ar úaman a imderctha dóib 'then Medb sent to fetch him poets and artists and satirists who might satirise him and put him to shame...So for fear that he should be put to shame by them Fer Diad came 9 with those messengers' (O'Rahilly, 1976, 78-9, ll.2578-2582, trans. 196), the satirists being referred to as the people who bite cheeks áes glámtha grúaidi. -Satirical Narrative in Early Irish Literature Ailís Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh Ph.D. Degree NUI Maynooth

THE JOURNAL KILKENNY AND SOUTH-EAST OF IRELAND
ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. VOL. I NEW SERIES. 1856-57 THE BOOK OF
MACCARTHY REAGH. BY JOHN WINDELE, ESQ. p.370- 'In the latter era the
monasteries contained the chief collections of books then extant, and here,
in the scriptorium belonging to each, their multiplication lay transcribing
was sedulously carried on. But this labour was not entirely monopolized in
Ireland by ecclesiastics : there was another class, a relic of the old [legal]
system, which combined the Ollav (or professor), the Brehon (or lawyer),

the Filea (or poet), the Seánachuidhe (antiquary, historian, or herald), and the Scealuidhe...who also cultivated the national literature in its various departments. These orders, necessarily laic, formed hereditary corporations, and enjoyed lands and estates, granted for the exclusive use of the literary profession by the munificence of [chiefs] and chieftains

Irish Myths and Legends Tomás Ó Cathasaigh, Harvard University The First Anders Ahlqvist Lecture The literature that survives from the early Irish period, in Irish and in Latin, is the product of an intellectual elite that included ecclesiastical scholars and learned poets (filid, singular fili). The filid were the most prestigious of the óes dána('[people] of art') in early Ireland: they were highly trained and their power largely resided in their role as purveyors of praise and blame.

Coire Filíochta La tragedia del batallón San Patricio

Carlota Jacomé fue la autora de este cantico, que fue poema y fue poesía.)"
Carlota Jacomé, will sing this song of my own inspiration, words and music, concerning the Irish of the San Patricio Battalion. This song that I have begun, I sing with emotion, it concerns the terrible tragedy of the San Patricios Battalion. They were valiant men of pure heart, to defend their rights and their people they joined the battalion, They took away their means of living in Ireland, Because of that they had to leave, They came as immigrants among the Americans they soon came to the Federal District of Mexico along with a cause they had come to hate, They had many battles because they were men of morals, one of those was in the city of Monterrey, they excelled in all the battles they were part of, they had another battle in the city of Saltillo,

Of the few that I know, that I have in my list, they fought again in the battle of Buena Vista. when I start to think I bring it to mind and remember they

had another battle with the men of Santa Ana in the village of Cerro Gordo. A date that will never be forgotten, I will always keep it in my mind the tenth of September in the 19th century in the year of 47. They fought in Churubusco also at Chapultepec with some Mexicans also at the square of San Angél. Without cowardice, although they lost their lives, they fought with their skill, valor and bravery. In San Jacinto square there they were sacrificed, these Americans without conscience and without feeling they hung them, The pain goes right to my heart upon my soul, what bad luck these 50 immigrants had from the land of Ireland. We will always remember them and keep them in our history, we will never forget, that God may keep them with him in his glory.

"Since I am not educated I know nothing of geography, to my creator I recommend and I tell him with a guarantee, Carlota Jacomé was the author of this ditty, which is both a poem and poetry.

Captured by Charlie O'Brien while filming Saol John Riley, about thre Mexican national hero who led the batalion.

<https://ildaite.blogspot.com/2019/08/in-2009-while-filming-saol-john-riley.html?m=1>

The working of the poetic testimonies into regime change.

Coire Filíochta based on translation by Liam Breatnach Ériu, Vol. 32 (1981), pp. 45-93 (50 pages) Published by: Royal Irish Academy Mine is the Proper Cauldron of Goiriath [goriath, i.e. 'it has closed off great falsehood', i.e. 'near to me in every land'] warmly the Good God has given it to me out of the mysteries of the elements a noble privilege which ennobles the breast is the fine speech which pours from it. I being white-kneed, blue-shanked, grey bearded Amairgen, let the work of my goriath in similes and comparisons be related — since the Good God does not equally provide for

all, inclined, upside-down (or) upright — no knowledge, partial knowledge (or) full knowledge in order to compose poetry for Éber and Donn with many great chantings, of masculine, feminine and neuter, of the signs for double letters, long vowels and short vowels, (this is) the way by which is related the nature of my cauldron.

I am Amirgen White-knee pale of substance, gray of hair, accomplishing my incubation in proper poetic forms in diverse color. The ancestors do not apportion the same to everyone -- tipped, inverted, right-side-up; no knowledge, half-knowledge, fullknowledge -- for Eber and Donn, the making of fearful poetry, vast, mighty draughts of deathspells in active voice, in passive silence, in the neutral balance between, in the proper construction of rhyme, in this way it narrates the path and function of my coire (cauldron). I sing of the Coire Fhís (Cauldron of Wisdom) which bestows the merit of every art, through which treasure increases, which magnifies every common artisan, which builds up a person through their gift... trans. Erynn Rowan Laurie

Satire on Breisse

The poetic model of regime change, the conditions by which it must occur. The boss is not being generous. The poets trigger the change since their system is all based in generosity, *cróga agus dílis*.

..neither service nor payment from the tribes continued; and the treasures of the tribe were not being given by the act of the whole tribe. 39. On one occasion the poet came to the house of Bres seeking hospitality (that is, Coirpre son of Etain, the poet of the Tuatha De). he entered a narrow, black, dark little house; and there was neither fire nor furniture nor bedding in it. Three small cakes were brought to him on a little dish--and they were dry.

The next day he arose, and he was not thankful. As he went across the yard he said, "Without food quickly on a dish, Without cow's milk on which a calf grows, Without a man's habitation after darkness remains, Without paying a company of storytellers--let that be Bres's condition." "Bres's prosperity no longer exists," he said, and that was true. There was only blight on him from that hour; and that is the first satire that was made in Ireland.

From CATH MAIGE TUIRED The Second Battle of Mag Tuired Translated by Elizabeth A. Gray

Tomás Ó Cathasaigh of Harvard University explains why that is highly likely: Thomas Charles Edwards (1994) has shown that the Irish law tract *Críth Gablach* describes a contract between [chief] and people: the [chief] has obligations (folad) to his people, and they have obligations to him. He observed that the contractual approach to [chiefing] in *Críth Gablach* is unlikely to have its roots in canon law, 'nor is it to be explained by any influence from Greek or Roman political thought for it stems from native ideas of lordship and contract' (Charles Edwards 1994, 119). We may add here that those very same 'native ideas of lordship and contract' find narrative expression in the account of Bres's reign in *Cath Maige Tuired*

Strategist, warrior, satirist, co-ordinator of others' talents — Lug regulates and balances the efforts of the whole tribe, wielding his people into a fighting force much greater than the sum of its parts. Lug is the paragon of [leadership]: he attains office thanks to his wisdom and omnicompetence, and establishes his right to do so by stating his claim to the office irrefutably. He leads his people to victory in battle, and vanquishes a fierce opponent. He acquires for his people competence in agriculture. As cited in [Chieftdom] in *Early Irish Literature* Tomás Ó Cathasaigh, Elizabeth A. Gray in 'Lug and Cú Chulainn: chief and warrior, god and man, in *Studia Celtica*

XXIV/XXV (1989/90), pp. 38-52, at p 44

The manner in which Cairpre was treated by Bres provides the impetus for the satire: Rucad hi tech mbecc hímach oculus cumaing, dub, dorch, séic oculus ní:raibe tene na hindlad na déirghud and. Tuccad teora bairgean beca dó, atét tuara for meis bic. At:racht, iarum, arnabarach oculus ní:bo buidech 'He was taken into a small outlying house which was narrow, dark, and dim and there was neither fire nor bath nor bed. Three small cakes and they dry, were brought to him on a little dish. On the next day he arose and he was not pleased' (Hull, 1930, 66, trans.68). As a result Cairpre is justified in uttering a satire upon Bres in verse form:

Cen cholt for crib cernene; Cín gert ferbu foron:assad aithrinde; Cen adhbhai fhir ara drúbai dísoirchi; Cin díl daime reisse, (m)ropsen Breisse!

Without food speedily on a platter Without a cow's milk whereon a calf thrives, Without a man's habitation after the staying of darkness, Be that the luck of Bres Mac Eladain (Hull, 1930, 67, trans. 69).

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Gan cholt for criabh ceireine gan geart fearbú for a n-asad aithrinne gan adhbhai fhir iar ndrúbaí dísoirchí gan díl daimhe reisse ropsain Breisse Ní fil a mhaín trá Breisse

The Excellence of Ancient Word: Druid Rhetorics from Ancient Irish Tales, by Seán Ó Tuathail, Copyright © 1993 John Kellnhauser

'Without food quickly on a dish, Without cow's milk on which a calf grows, Without a man's habitation after darkness remains, Without paying a company of storytellers--let that be Bres's condition.'

Without food quick on a platter without fresh milk for a calf to grow on

without lodging for a man when night prevails without sweetness for men of art - such is (the like) of Bress No longer is prosperity Bress's. The Excellence of Ancient Word: Druid Rhetorics from Ancient Irish Tales, by Seán Ó Tuathail, Copyright © 1993 John Kellnhauser

‘Cairpre Mac Edaine’s Satire upon Bres Mac Eladain’, ZCP 18, 63-9. Hull, V. (1949)

There are three colours of poetry...[Praise]find agus [Blame]dub agus [Give Warning]brech. Fionn by which one praises, Dubh by which one satirises, Brecc by which one gives notice. [Auraic 5244- 6]

Although our sources frequently pair satire and praise, they do not always present a binary opposition, and a third category, which combines both of the former two, is also recognised. A composition combining elements of praise and satire served a particular purpose—namely that of warning a person of an impending full satire, was known as trefocal and formed an essential part of lawful satirising.

Sanas Chormaic Filí :: venom in the satire and splendour in the praise of the Filed.

Liam Breatnach, “Satire, Praise and the Early Irish Poet.” Ériu, vol. 56, 2006, pp. 63–84. JSTOR, www.jstor.org/stable/30007051.

A fili enjoyed full nemed status in early Irish society and his satire, if legitimate, ‘played an important part in the early Irish system of justice, being one of the pressures which make people - particularly of high rank - obey the law’ (Kelly, 1988, 138). Uraicecht Becc provides us with a defence of legitimate satire in place of weapons: Cid fodera breath do breith a deda don filidh?... coir a breith a filidaecht asa besgna buidhdein, uairais e a

primdan buidhein filidhecht. Coir dana a breath do a besgna na flatha no lochta na tuaithi, uair is e doni a moladh dligteach du gach grad isin tuaith, agus is e tobdigus a seodu eichni doib amuig, i fail i tinchaidter renda aer agus na tinchaiter renda arm 'What is the reason that judgment is given by two rights to the poet?...it is proper to give it to him from poetry, by his own right, because poetry is his own special art. It is proper also, to give it to him by the right of the chiefs, or of the people of the territory, for it is he that composes his lawful praise for every grade in the territory, and it is he that levies their lawful (?) 'seds' for them from territories without, in places where points of satire are attended to, and where points of arms are not attended to (CIH II, II.7-12, trans. ALI, 13). -Satirical Narrative in Early Irish Literature Ailís Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh Ph.D. Degree NUI Maynooth

'Áer is traditionally translated as 'satire' ...Binchy (1941, 69) describes áer as a 'formidable weapon with which members of the poetic orders (grád fhiled) enforced claims either on their own behalf or on behalf of other persons who employed them...To satirize a person without lawful ground is a delict which entitles the victim to recover the full amount of his honourprice as a penalty'.....We understand, therefore, that satires such as this were believed to contain a demonic power which had the capacity to cause the death of the victim. Whether this story is true or not does not matter, for tradition accepted it and that is what makes it significant; the 'word could kill; and in popular belief it did kill' (Elliott, 1960, 15).... -Satirical Narrative in Early Irish Literature Ailís Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh Ph.D. Degree NUI Maynooth, July 2007

Ó Fiannachta (1974, 67) ... devotes a chapter of his book to satire and its different manifestations in Irish literature, stating: 'is cuid thábhachtach leanúnach dár dtraidisiún liteartha í...ó Dhallán a fuair bás de bharr éagóra a aoire go dtí Máirtín Ó Cadhain a bhíonn de shíor ag suirí go

míchompordach léi, agus go Myles na gCopaleen a choimeád an Irish Times beo léi' (1974, 67; 'it is an important continuous part of our literary tradition....from Dallán who died owing to the injustice of his satire, to Máirtín Ó Cadhain who is continuously wooing it uncomfortably, to Myles na gCopaleen who kept the Irish Times going with it')... -Satirical Narrative in Early Irish Literature Ailís Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh Ph.D. Degree NUI Maynooth

The Book of Ballymote contains a treatise entitled *Cis lir fodla aíre?* 'How many types of satire are there?' which Meroney (1950, 199-212) has edited. In answer to the above question the treatise continues *Ní hansa. A trí .i. aiséis agus ail agus aircetal* 'Not difficult, three i.e. declaration, insult, incantation'.

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Trí áí nad eplet fail: áí dochuind, dochraite, anfis. 7 7 Three causes that do not die with neglect: the causes of the incompetent, and of oppression, and of ignorance. —Trecheng Breth Féne

Marie Heaney, *Over Nine Waves Balor of the Evil Eye: You were [chief] in Ireland and had great power. What happened to bring you down? Bres the Beautiful: It was my own fault. My injustice, arrogance, and greed brought about my downfall! I put taxes on the people they had never paid before, and I reduced them to poverty and hunger. I have only myself to blame for what has happened. Balor of the Evil Eye: This is bad. The prosperity of your people should have been more important to you than your own position. Their blessing would have been better than their curses...What you lost through injustice you shouldn't regain through injustice!"*

CATH MAIGE TUIRED The Second Battle of Mag Tuired Translated by Elizabeth A. Gray ...after Bres had assumed the sovereignty, three Fomorian [chiefs] (Indech mac De Domnann, Elatha mac Delbaith, and Tethra) imposed their tribute upon Ireland-and there was not a smoke from a house in Ireland which was not under their tribute. In addition, the warriors of Ireland were reduced to serving him: Ogma beneath a bundle of firewood and the Dagda as a rampartbuilder, and he constructed the earthwork around Bres's fort. 26. Now the Dagda was unhappy at the work

"When Balor heard Bres's story he rallied to his aid for he knew that without Bres on the throne in Ireland, his own tyranny and extortion would be threatened. He assembled a fleet so big it could form an unbroken bridge from its farthest island across to Ireland."

...Bres the Beautiful: It was my own fault. My injustice, arrogance, and greed brought about my downfall! I put taxes on the culchies they had never paid before, and I reduced them to poverty and hunger. I have only myself to blame for what has happened.

-Marie Heaney, Over Nine Waves

Marie Heaney, Over Nine Waves "Who is this upstart," Balor roared...?" His wife Ceithlinn of the Crooked Teeth, answered him. "I know well who he is from the description these men give of him, and it is bad news of us. He is our own grandson, the son of our daughter, Eithlinn, and he is known as Lugh of the Long Arm. It has been foretold that he will banish the Fomorians from Ireland for all time, and it will be at his hand that you, Balor, will meet your end!" Meanwhile Lugh and Nuada had begun to make plans for battle, too, for they knew what Balor would try. They called together all the people who possessed special skills, and Lugh asked each one what contribution they would make toward the struggle...."

Fitzgeralds Satire on Ó Brien 1300s

Ó Brien people scorned womankind, which never sits well with womankind.

"If a free society cannot help the many that are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich" Catholic Martyr John FitzGerald Kennedy

A.D. 1610. Sir Edward Fitzgerald obtained a grant from king James I. of one of the castles of Tadg O'Keeffe, with the lands thereunto appertaining.

"It has been said that time heals all wounds. I don't agree. The wounds remain. In time, the mind, protecting its sanity, covers them with scar tissue, and the pain lessens, but is never gone." — Countess Rose Elizabeth Fitzgerald Kennedy

Strongbow and English King Edward II of the Catholic Angevin Empire were happy to offer a little help with the first invasion beginning May 1169 with a little help from their friends Robert Fitz-Stephen, Maurice FitzGerald, and Robert de Barry.

THE ROMANCE OF IRISH HEROINES. L. M. McCRAITH Author of "A GREEN TREE" 'THE SUIR: FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA' ETC. LADY ELEANOR FITZGERALD. WIFE OF THE MACCARTHY REACH.

Establishing trust so as to make and hold agreement rather than swindles
Robert FitzGerald Kennedy

The locals would explain to any visitor that Geároid, "...must continue this until the silver shoes of his horse wear out." But the historic Geároid, who was the Chief Justice for [Norman-Anglo]Ireland in 1367, employed the

magic of words rather than sorcery; he composed poetry in both Irish and French. According to Michael Dames, Geároid the man “came to emulate Lugh’s and Finn’s roles at Lough Gur in joining the world of men to that of the gods.” Geároid, son of an invader, a foreigner, was taken to the heart of the Lough Gur myth cycle, and installed there by local people as ‘an enchanted magician, a periodic rider, a lost leader whose return is awaited, and a feared [chief] of the [Sí] host.’ ‘I am the son of the [Chief] of the Norman [Sí] and my name is Geároid Iarla’ was a verse still sung in Co. Limerick in 1879...” <http://www.voicesfromthedawn.com/lough-gur/>

Legends of a sleeping army waiting for a hero to come and rouse them for some great battle are present in other parts of Ireland too (such as at The Curragh, Co. Kildare, and Lough Gur in Limerick). Gearóid Iarla (Earl Garrett, Gerald) is sometimes the one who is the chief of the [zombie apocalypse] army. At Hacklim, some versions say it is Fionn Mac Cumhaill. The messianic theme of the legend in its various forms is overtly political, the clear premise being that a great leader from the past will return, from a supernatural subterranean domain, leading a great army to restore glory to Ireland. In the context of a country under the sway of foreign rule and oppression, it is no wonder that such tales might have been commonplace in Ireland. The rousing of the army will happen because a prophesied hero (those who tried and failed are invariably referred to in less than favourable terms, such as "coward") will pull a sword out of a wall or a stone or a bag... — All the dead [chiefs came to me - Francis Ledwidge and the legend of the sleeping horsemen of Rosnaree, Anthony Murphy of Mythical Ireland Blog, Friday, 13 Eanáir 2017

Lough Gur from Voices from the Dawn Bruff, Co. Limerick In the past, no minstrel, piper, or poet would willingly spend a night within a mile of [Lough Gur’s] shore, such was its fearful reputation and potency. Even to

fall asleep in daytime on its banks was considered among them to be reckless folly. The sense of danger arose from the belief that the original poets of Lough Gur were either descended from, or were demi-gods, like Geároid Iarla, able to draw human poets out of their depths.— Michael Dames, *Mythic Ireland*, 1992

Gearóid Iarla was so prolific and highly regarded as a poet that he was also referred to as Gearóid Filid (Gerald the Poet). The bulk of his oeuvre was composed in Irish, but he also wrote in Norman French, in all probability his native language. That he acquired both the proficiency in the language and the interest in and respect for the native culture to compose poetry in Irish is one of the least surprising aspects of Gearóid Iarla's story: by his time, the process of the Hiberno-Normans becoming "more Irish than the Irish themselves" was irreversibly underway. So alarming had the Gaelicisation of the Norman invaders appeared to the English crown that a series of laws called the Statutes of Kilkenny were passed in 1366, forbidding everything from Hiberno-Normans' use of Irish laws, language and dress to engaging in the Irish pastimes of "hockie" and "coiting" (the latter may refer to either a horseshoe tossing game or one resembling curling). Most of the HibernoNormans studiously ignored the statutes. Much of Gearóid Iarla's Irish poetry is collected in a work from the fifteenth century called *Duanaire Ghearóid Iarla* (the Poem-Book of Earl Gerald). In modern times the *Duanaire* has been published by Gearóid Mac Niocaill in *Studia Hibernica* (3[1963]: 7-59). ...from Gearóid Iarla's darkest hour. During a series of battles with the O'Brien clan who ruled some of the parts of Munster that he did not (the [chiefing] of Tuamhain, Thomond in English with means "north Munster"), the earl was captured and taken to Ennis, the O'Briens' capital, where he was imprisoned for a year. With much time on his hands while waiting for his family to stump up a ransom for him, Gearóid Iarla turned to poetry for solace. It was in Ennis, in Brian O'Brien's Clonroad

castle by the river Fergus, that the Earl composed his most celebrated poem “Mairg adeir olc ris na mnáibh” (“Speak not ill of womankind”):

Speak not ill of womankind, 'Tis no wisdom if you do. You that fault in women find, I would not be praised of you. Sweetly speaking, witty, clear, Tribe most lovely to my mind, Blame of such I hate to hear. Speak not ill of womankind.

Bloody treason, murderous act, Not by women were designed, Bells o'erthrown nor churches sacked, Speak not ill of womankind. Bishop, King upon his throne, Primate skilled to loose and bind, Sprung of women every one! Speak not ill of womankind. For a brave young fellow long Hearts of women oft have pined. Who would dare their love to wrong? Speak not ill of womankind. Paunchy greybeards never more Hope to please a woman's mind. Poor young chieftains they adore! Speak not ill of womankind.

Gearóid Iarla and Ennis <https://ucronin.wordpress.com/2017/09/17/gearoid-iarla-andennis>

Audacht Morainn, Fir Flathemon

The requirements of Rí Ruireach, ignored by Ard Rí. Fir Flathemon is like Chinese Tian Ming: doing right, well.

Irish Myths and Legends Tomás Ó Cathasaigh, Harvard University The First Anders Ahlqvist Lecture

The central role of fírlathemon in the Irish ideology of kingship, which is expressed in narrative form in the tales on Cormac, is also reflected in the Laws and in the Wisdom texts, and above all in Audacht Morainn ‘The Testament of Morann’ (Kelly 1976). This is a seventh century example of the

genre known as Speculum Principum ('Mirror of Princes').

It consists of advice supposedly sent by the legendary judge Morann mac Moín to Feradach Find Fechnach, who is about to be made chief. Much of what Morann has to say concerns fírlathemon: it keeps plagues and lightning from the people, and it ensures peace and prosperity in the realm, as well as abundance of milk and corn and fish, and fertility among the people.

Francis John Byrne, 1973 "The Audacht Moraind(written down 600s)has a passage on the different types of rulers, not in relation to their rank but to their character: 'There are only four princes in this world: The prince who takes power with the help of troops from outside (flaith congála co sluagaib anechtair): A weak and fleeting lordship is usual for him. As soon as his troops leave him his dignity and the terror he inspires decline. The prudent prince (ciallfhlaith) : He obtains possession of his territories without victories, without triumphs; he deprives no one and no one deprives him. He voyages through his reign in days and nights, for the whole world is spent in days and nights. But the true prince (fírfhlaith) : He and truth increase each other, strengthen each other, strive for each other, and build each other up.

The bull prince (tarbhfhlaith) : He is not a well-liked man. He strikes and is struck, he injures and is injured, he tosses and is tossed. Against him horns are constantly shaken. Rough and difficult the beginning of his lordship, hateful and unprincely its middle, unstable and fleeting its end. Against his sons his crimes will be retained, men's faces will be turned, men's hearts will be closed. "Not welcome", all will say, "are the sons of that prince: evil was your father's lordship before.""

Tell him, let him be merciful, just, impartial, conscientious, firm, generous, hospitable, honourable, stable, beneficent, capable, honest, well-spoken, steady, true-judging. Audacht Morainn, translated by Fergus Ó Kelly

Triads

Four parts of a triad: The count, the first, the second, the third.

Three profitable labours in the day : praying, working, reading. —Regula Choluimb Cille (Zeitschr., 111., p. 29)

Three Cries of the world The cry of the Israelites when they entered the Red Sea, The cry of Hell when Críost carried off his prey from it, The cry of Doomsday when the righteous separate from the sinners
Book of Lismore

非命上: Now, how is this doctrine to be examined? Mozi said: Some standard of judgment must be established. To expound a doctrine without regard to the standard is similar to determining the directions of sunrise and sunset on a revolving potter's wheel. By this means the distinction of right and wrong, benefit and harm, cannot be known. Therefore there must be three tests. What are the three tests? [Ní hAnsa] Mozi said: Its basis, its verifiability, and its applicability. How is it to be based? It should be based on the deeds of the ancient sage-chiefs. How is it to be verified? It is to be verified by the senses of hearing and sight of the common people. How is it to be applied? It is to be applied by adopting it in government and observing its benefits to the country and the people. This is what is meant by the three tests of every doctrine. MOZI Chinese Texts Society

Trí tonna cen gáissi: tacra calad, breth cen eolas, airecht labar. Three waves without wisdom: hard pleading, judgment without knowledge, a talkative gathering.

Three things whereby' the devil shows himself in man: by his face, by his gait, by his speech.

Three things there are for which the Son of living God is not grateful: haughty piety, harsh reproof, reviling a person if it is not certain.

Three things there are for which the [Chief] of the sun is grateful: union of brethren, upright conversation, serving at the altar of God.

Three things there are which do not behove the poor of living God: ingratitude for his life whatever it be, grumbling, and flattery.

Three things to be distrusted: a cow's horn, a dog's tooth, and a horse's hoof. '

Trí cumtaig gáisse: immed n-eolais, lín fássach, dagaighni do airbirt. Three ornaments of wisdom: abundance of knowledge, a number of precedents, to employ a good counsel

Trí chuil túaithe: flaith bréagach, breitheamh gúach, sagart colach. Three tribal vetos: false chief, untruthful judge, impious priest.

Trí adcoillet gáis: anfis, doas, díchuimne. Three things that ruin wisdom: ignorance, inaccurate knowledge, forgetfulness.

Tréde ara carthar escara: máin, cruth, innraccus. Three things for which an

enemy is loved: wealth, beauty, worth.

Tréde ara carthar escara: máin, cruth, innraccus. Three things for which an enemy is loved: wealth, appearances, fame

Tréde ara miscnigther cara: fogal, dognas, dímainche. Three things for which a friend is hated: getting too close, keeping too distant, not being helpful in the way you need.

Tréde conaittig fírinne: mess, tomus, cubus. Trí rud a éilíonn ceartas: breithiúnas, tomhais, consias. Three things which justice demands: judgment, measure, conscience.

Trí doruis gúa: tacra fergach, fotha n-utmall n-eolais, aiséis cen chuimni. Three doors of falsehood: an angry pleading, a shifting foundation of knowledge, giving information without memory.

Trí búada insci: fosta, gáis, gairde. Three glories of speech: steadiness, wisdom, brevity.

Trí cumtaig gáisse: immed n-eolais, lín fássach, dagaighni do airbirt. Three ornaments of wisdom: abundance of knowledge, a number of precedents, to employ a good counsel.

Triúr fear go dteipeann orthu mná a thuiscint: fíróga, fíraosta agus fírmhéanaosta. Three kinds of men who fail to understand women: young men, old men and middle-aged men.

Tri saoghal fhada : saoghal an iubhair, saoghal an iolra, saoghal na Callighe Bhéara . Three great ages : the age of the yew tree, the age of the eagle, the age of Cailleach Beara.

Tréde conaittig brethemnas: gáis, féige, fiss. Three things which judgment demands: acute insight, clear vision, investigation.

Trí gráda coillte túath inna ngói: gói rí, gói shenchada, gói bretheman. Three ranks that ruin tribes in their falsehood: the falsehood of a chief, of a historian, of a judge.

Tréde neimthigedar liaig: dígalrae, díainme, comchissi cen ainchiss. Three things that constitute a physician: a complete cure, leaving no blemish behind, a painless examination

Na trí cairde is fearr agus na trí naimhde is measa: tine, gaoth, is uisce. The three best friends and the three worst enemies: fire, wind, and water

Trí ní is deacair a thuiscint; intleacht na mban, obair na mbeach, teacht agus imeacht na taoide. Three things hardest to understand; the intellect of women, the work of the bees, the coming and going of the tide

Tréde immifoilnge báis do gáeth: fúasnad, ferg, mesca. Three things that make a wise man foolish: quarreling, anger, drunkenness.

Trí doruis a n-aichnither fír: frecra n-ainmnetach, ái fossad, sóud fri fiadnu. Three doors through which truth is recognized: a patient answer, a firm pleading, appealing to witnesses

There are three states of legality in [colonial] Irish law. There is all this stuff here under "That's grand"; then it moves into "Ah, now, don't push it"; and finally to "Right! You're taking the piss." Dara Ó Briain

Tréde faillsiges cach ndagfheras: dán, gaisced, crésine. Three things that

show every brave man: competence, prowess, piety

Quads

Five parts of a quad: The count, the first, the second, the third, the fourth.

Question: How many divisions of sorrow that turn the cauldrons of sages?
Ní hAnsa; four. Longing, grief, the sorrows of jealousy and the discipline of pilgrimage to holy places. It is internally that these are borne although the cause is from outside. Coire Filíochta

There are...four general titles before the psalms, besides the special ones, to wit:

psalmus, canticum, psalmus cantici, canticum psalmi.

Question. How were they multiplied, and what is the difference between them ?

Not difficult [Ní hAnsa, Ní ansa].

This is what David did during his last days. He selected four thousand chosen men of the sons of Israel to sing and practise the psalms always without any cessation. One third of them for the choir, one third for the harp, one third both for the choir and the harp. The word psalmus applies to what was invented for the harp and is practised on it. Canticum applies to what is practised by the choir and is sung with the harp. Psalmus cantici applies to what is taken from the harp to the choir. Canticum psalmi applies to what is taken from the choir to the harp. 288. As to the special titles, they will be mentioned further on in their special places. 290. Diapsalma and sympsalma, what is the difference between them? If after the opinion of Jerome, diapsalma first, ' semper ' interpretatur, significans alterna esse vicina, sympsalma to teach morality. This is however what Augustine says : 'diapsalma intervallum in psallendo, sympsalma vocum coniunctio,' that is,

'a combination of voices.'

HIBERNICA MINORA BEING A FRAGMENT OF AN OLD-IRISH TREATISE ON THE PSALTER, KUNO MEYER, CLARENDON PRESS, OXFORD, 1894.

Ceithre báis breithe: a breith i ngó, a breith cen dílse, a breith cen ailig, a breith cen fhorus. The four deaths of judgment: to give it in falsehood, to give it without forfeiture, to give it without precedent, to give it without knowledge.

"The four things to be asked of every composition must be asked of this composition, viz., place, and person, and time, and cause of invention. For example: The place of this composition is great Cork of Munster, and its author is Aniér MacConglinne of the Onaght Glenowra. In the time of Cathal MacFinguine, son of Cúcengairm, or son of Cúcenmáthir, it was made. The cause of its invention was to banish the demon of gluttony that was in the throat of Cathal MacFinguine.

The four things that resemble earthly glory: wind, smoke, sleep agus a flower:

Seanfhocail

The basis of Gaelic Reason in the philosophical and legal sense. Cannot argue with an Old Word, because the Elders all agree it is true.

J.H. Nketia, "Folklore of Ghana," *The Ghanaian I*, 1958, p21. As cited by Ruth Finnegan in her essay in the volume *The Wisdom of Many*. "The value of the proverb to us in modern Ghana does not lie only in what it reveals of the thoughts of the past. For the poet today or indeed for the speaker who is some sort of an artist in the use of words, the proverb is a model of compressed or forceful language. In addition to drawing on it for its words of wisdom, therefore, he takes interest in its verbal techniques—its

selection of words, its use of comparison as a method of statement, and so on.... This ... approach to proverbs which is evident in the speech of people who are regarded as accomplished speakers or poets of a sort makes the proverbs not only a body of short statements built up over the years and which reflect the thought and insight of Ghanaians into problems of life, but also a technique of verbal expression, which is greatly appreciated by the Ghanaian. It is no wonder therefore that the use of proverbs has continued to be a living tradition in Ghana."

Chinua Achebe, *Things Fall Apart* "The white man is very clever. He came quietly and peaceably with his religion. We were amused at his foolishness and allowed him to stay. Now he has won our brothers, and our clan can no longer act like one. He has put a knife on the things that held us together and we have fallen apart." Chinua Achebe, *Things Fall Apart*

from *Tír Do Doirteach* (A Land Poured Out Beneath the Feet of Miscreants) by Aoghán Ó Rathaille
Tír gan eaglais chneasta ná clérigh!
Tír le mioscais, noch d'itheadar faolchoin!
Tír do cuireadh go tubaisteach, traochta Fá smacht namhad is amhas is méirleach!
A land without a meek church or clergy!
A land which wolves have spitefully devoured!
A land placed in misfortune and subjection Beneath the tyranny of enemies, and mercenaries and robbers!

Now, if we are to become Irish again...our young people must be made familiar with the proverbs which have been the heritage and the helpmates of unnumbered generations of our ancestors ; they must be encouraged to use them and keep them alive, and hand them down to future generations.
Énrí Ua Muirgheasa (sp), 1907, *Seanfhocla Uladh*

In these Gaelic proverbs, there is plain and consistent inculcation of the

virtues of truthfulness, honesty, fidelity, self-restraint, self-esteem, sense of honour, courage, caution, in word and deed, generosity, hospitality, courtesy, peaceableness, love of kindred, patience...providence. There are none to be found excusing or recommending selfishness, cunning...or any other form of vice or meanness. Alexander Nicolson, 1882

[W]hen the children don't know their culture, that's when they get lost. Even adults get lost and get involved with things that are destructive to themselves and their bodies or to other people... Nakia Zavalla, Cultural Director at Santa Ynez Band of Chumash First Nation

It is not the Ireland of old that we have to-day. But an Ireland of English speech, and English pride, An Ireland without strength, and in misery extreme. An Ireland without Irish, and without love for poetry Peter Galligan, 1907.

Now if you find a highly thoughtful people transmitting crystallized thought through many hundreds of generations down to our day and time, from the very dawn of human knowledge I must ask you where can you expect to find truth if it is not there...In this way they left us incomparably the finest body of Proverbs upon the face of the earth. If we had nothing but these Proverbs to our Gaelic name we are an extremely rich people... The Gaelic Concepts of Life and of Death. BY H. CAMERON GILLIES, M.D. Dundee Highland Society PROPAGANDA PAMPHLETS No. 1, 1913

Is aoibhinn dán draoithe is dáimh

It is lovely, the druid's gift, it is filial piety, healthy family affection.

Shaghyn dagh olk. Avoid all evil.

Easht lesh dagh cleaysh, eisht jean briwnys Listen with each ear, then to judgment.

Nerth gwlad, ei gwybodaeth. The strength of a nation is its knowledge

Filleann an feall ar an bhfeallaire. The treachery returns to the betrayer. The bad deed returns to the bad-deed doers.

Don't tek a six for a nine." Proverb from Barbados

Wisdom Dialogue

Three parts to Accallum: Question, Ní hAnsa, Answer. Shows the structure of druidic thought which carries into Celtic Orthodox Catholic theological formulation. Ní hAnsa seems to be like Hakuna Matata perhaps, not difficult, níl a dhath doiligh.

HIBERNICA MINORA BEING A FRAGMENT OF AN OLD-IRISH TREATISE ON THE PSALTER, KUNO MEYER, CLARENDON PRESS, OXFORD, 1894. This is the title there is in front of this book which shineth to the minds of the readers. This is its name in the Hebrew, Sepher Tehillim...Nebel in Hebrew... Laudatorium or Organum in the Latin..

Question. Whence was that name given to it ?

Not difficult [Ní hAnsa]. From the harp to which David sang the psalms, to wit, nebel is its name in the Hebrew

Wikipedia: The Immacallam in dá Thuarad, or The Colloquy of the two Sages ("Colloquy" sometimes being replaced with "Dialogue"), is an

example of bardic, or Ollamhic in this case, interchange found in the twelfth century Book of Leinster. The story is that when Adnae, Ollamh to the King of Ulster (Conchobar mac Nessa), died, his title was given to the poet (presumably a Fili) Ferchertne, a man of high arts and experience. But Adnae's son, Néde, who was away studying in Scotland, heard of his father's death on the waves while walking the shore. "One day the youth went forth along the edge of the sea - poets ever believed that the brink of water was a place of revelation. And as he stood there, he heard a sound like a wailing chant of sadness, which seemed strange to him. So he cast a spell upon the water, causing it to reveal to him what was the matter. And the wave declared that the wailing he had heard was for the death of his father, Adne, whose poet's robes had been given to Ferchertne, who had taken the ollaveship in his place." He thus returned to Emain Macha (Capital of Ulster), carrying a silver branch above him, for the Anradhs, or poets of the second order, carried a silver branch, but the Ollamhs, or chief poets, carried a branch of gold; all other poets bore a branch of bronze." Upon returning he met the troublesome Bricriu, who gave Néde the Ollamhship in exchange for a valuable gift (a purple tunic, with its adornment of gold and silver) and told him to take the Ollamh's seat. Then Bricriu said: 'no beardless boy receives the ollaveship of Emain Macha' - for Néde was still but a boy. So Néde plucked a handful of grass, and cast a spell upon it so that it became like a beard upon him. Then he went and sat in the Ollamh's chair and pulled his robe about him. Three colors were on the robe: a covering of bright bird's feathers in the middle, at the bottom a scattered speckling of findruine, while on the top was a brilliant golden color. Bricriu then alerted Ferchertne, saying "It were sad, O Ferchertne, that thou shouldst be put out of the ollaveship today! A young honourable man has taken the ollaveship in Emain." This caused an angry Ferchertne to return and confront Néde, which begins the interchange.

'Men will be bad: (lawful) chiefs will be few: usurpers will be many'

FERCHERTNE Immacallam in dá Thuarad

Imcallam in da Thurad, The Colloquy of the Two Sages, from the Book of Leinster, and translated by Whitley Stokes. FERCHERTNE 19. A question, O instructing lad, whence hast thou come? NÉDE ANSWERED 20. [Ní hansa] Not [difficult].. From the heel of a sage...from a confluence of wisdom...from perfections of goodness...from brightness of sunrise...from the hazels of poetic art...from circuits of splendour, out of which they measure truth according to excellences...in which righteousness is taught...in which falsehood sets ... in which colours are seen... in which poems are freshened...Angriness of fire...Fire of speech...Noise of knowledge...Well of wealth...Sword of song...Straight-artistic with bitterness out of fire... FERCHERTNE A question, O instructing lad, what art dost thou practise?

NÉDE Ní hAnsa: reddening, a countenance 56. piercing flesh, 57. tingeing bashfulness, 58. tossing away shamelessness, 59. fostering poetry, 60. to searching for fame, 61. wooing science, 62. art for every mouth, 63. diffusing knowledge, 64. stripping speech, 65. in a little room, 66. a sage's cattle, 67. a stream of science 68. abundant teaching, 69. smooth tales, the delight of [chiefs]. 70. And thou, O my senior, what art dost thou practise? FERCHERTNE hunting for support, 72. establishing peace, 73. arranging a troop, From Acallam na Senórach (The Colloquy with the Ancients) Translated by Standish Hayes O'Grady, 1892, from the Book of Lismore, Book of McCarthy Reagh

<http://www.maryjones.us/ctexts/colloquy.html>

Immacallam in dá Thuarad NÉDE ASKS And thou, O my senior, hast thou tidings?

FERCHERTNE ANSWERS 175. I have indeed: tidings terrible evil the time which will always be: wherein chiefs will be many, wherein honours will be few: the living will quash fair judgments. 176. The cattle of the world will be barren. 177. Men will cast off modesty... 179. Men will be bad: (lawful) kings will be few: usurpers will be many 180. Disgraces will be crowds: every man will be blemished... 182. Foes will consume Niall's plains. 183. Truth will not safeguard wealth ... 185. Every art will be buffoonery 186. Every falsehood will be chosen. 187. Every one will pass out of his (proper) state through pride and arrogance, so that neither rank nor (old) age, nor honour, nor dignity, nor art, nor instruction will be served. 188. Every skilful person will be broken... 198. Inhospitability will destroy flowers. 199. Though false judgments fruits will fall... 202. At the end of the final world (there will be) a refuge to poverty and stinginess and grudging. 203. Many controversies (will there be) with artists. 204. Every one will buy a lampooner to lampoon on his behalf. 205. Every one will impose a limit on another. 206. On every hilltop treachery will adventure, so that neither bed nor oath will protect. 207. Every one will hurt his neighbour: so that every brother will betray another. 208. Every one will slay his companion at drinking-together and eating-together, so that there will be neither truth nor honour nor soul there. 209. The inhospitable will shrivel one another for their number. 210. usurpers will satirise one another with storm of every darkness. 211. Ranks will be spilt: clericisms will be forgotten: sages will be despised.

212. Music will turn into boors... 214. Wisdom will be turned into false judgments... 221. Wrong judgments will pass into kings and lords. 222. Undutifulness and anger will pass into every one's mind... 223. Every one will turn his art into false teaching and false intelligence, to seek to surpass

his teacher; so that the junior may like to be seated while his senior is above his head (standing), so that it will be no shame with chief or lord who shall go to special eating or special drinking in front of his comrade who will serve him, or in front of his retinue and his company which will come to him; so that there will be no shame with a farmer who is eating after closing his house against the artist who sells his honour and his soul for a cloak and for food: so that every one at special eating and special drinking will turn his cheek to his comrade; so that greed will fill every human being: so that the proud man will sell his honour and his soul for the price of one scruple... 225. Righteousness will be removed: false judgments will be manifested by the usurpers of the final world: fruits after appearing will be burnt up by a flood of outlanders and rabble. 226. On every territory will be an excessive number. 227. Districts will be extended into uplands. 228. Every forest will become a great plain: every great plain will become a forest. 229. Every one will slave with all his family. 230. Thereafter will come many hurtful diseases: sudden awful tempests: lightning with cries of trees (struck by thunderbolts). 231. winter leafy, summer gloomy, autumn without crops, spring without flowers 232. Mortality with famine. 233. Diseases on cattle: bedgacha (staggers?), scamacha, murrains, dropsies, milliuda, lumps, agues... 236. Failure on cornfields. 237. Perjurers. 238. Judgments with anger... 239. A death of three days and three nights on two thirds of human beings. 240. A third of those plagues on beasts of sea and forest... 261. Swarms of bees will be burnt among uplands...maryjones

Eas Ruaid, canas rohainmniged? Ni ansa.

It was Aed Ruad, son of Badurn, chief of Ireland, that was drowned there while gazing at his image and swimming the rapid. From him E55 Ruaid << Ruad's Rapid >> is named. His gravemound, Sid Aeda, is on the rapid's brink. Alter: It was Ruad, daughter of Maine Milscoth son of Donn Desa, who

chose Aed [Rón] son of Labraid Lesbrecc, son of Roga Rodam. Where she came from Was out of the ilatha of Mag Maen.

In Abcan the poet's boat of bronze she came, with Ireland on the larboard side. When she went with Gaeth, son of Gaes Glan, to the assembly of the Men ot Fidga the girl hoists her sail of tin on his boat, and entered the inver alone. Whereupon Aed saw her from the seat he occupied, but he knew not who the girl might be, and she knew not what land she was in. In the inver then she heard the mermaid's melody which none had ever heard, and she said: « This inver is the noblest in Erin! 5) And she fell asleep (at the music), tumbled over the bow of her boat, and was drowned. Hence is said Ess Ruaid.

Revue Celtique, THE PROSE TALES IN THE RENNES DINDSENCHAS' 81. Ess RÙAID. (Lec. p. 498).

KUNO MEYER, Todd Lectures THE TRIADS OF IRELAND The three waterfalls of Ireland: [Ess Ruaid], Assaroe, Eas Danainne, Eas Maige.

"The [Chief] of Assaroe" "his heart was so heavy the chair broke under him." Campbell

The folk tales featuring the claidheamh soluis typically compels the hero to perform (three) sets of tasks, aided by helpers, who may be a servant woman, "helpful animal companions", or some other supernatural being. The majority of are also bridal quests (or involve the winning of husbands in e.g., Maol a Chliobain). The sword's keeper is usually a giant (gruagach, fermór) or hag (cailleach), who oftentimes cannot be defeated except by some secret means. Thus the hero or helper may resort to the sword of light as the only effective weapon against this enemy. But often the sword is not enough, and the supernatural enemy has to be attacked on a single

vulnerable spot on his body. The weak spot, moreover, may be an external soul concealed somewhere in the world at large (inside animals, etc.), and in the case of "The Young Chief of Esaidh Ruadh", this soul is encased within a nested series of animals.

Roland Smith, speaking of Irish wisdom-texts generally, stated that "they would seem to represent the slow growth, anonymously, of popular proverbial literature, added to from generation to generation, and finally collected and classified by an industrious scribe": "Fithal and Flann Fina," *Revue Celtique* 47 (1930): 33.

We read in the old historical tale, *Agallamh na Seanoiridhe* (Dialogue of the Sages), which is now preparing for the Society, that Fionn mac Cumhall was a Philosopher, a Musician, a Bard, a Liagh, an Admiral, a Druid or Priest, a Statesman, a Commander, a Prophet—we have a prophecy related to the Danish and English invaders of our island, attributed to him; if he had lived three hundred and ten years, as we are told he did, and had been engaged in a severe course of study all that time, he could not possibly have been learned in all the arts and sciences required to render him eminent in all those arduous professions, since we know that the span of a long life was found only too short for men who had made any one of those branches their study, to enable them to master the science to which they applied themselves.

Epic Tales

"Narrative is an open-ended invitation to ethical and poetical responsiveness. Storytelling invites us to become not just agents of our own lives, but narrators and readers as well. It shows us that the untold life is not worth living. There will always be someone there to say, 'tell me a

story', and someone there to respond. Were this not so, we would no longer be fully human." — Richard Kearney, *On Stories*

But the sun had dimmed On an epic time-- For this vessel tall, it carried all,
It carried our hopes and dreams. A foreign hand had spoiled our land,
'Twas the end of a Golden Age.

From *The Sands of Time: A History of Donegal Town and its Environs*,
Malachy Sweeney, 2006, The Tir Hugh Press.

In the past no race was more ready than the Irish to give ear to the stories and legends of old. With certain limitations, that is still true of those who are privileged to be the custodians of our native spoken tongue ; but, unfortunately, cut off, as they have been, from all adequate opportunities of developing their native culture, they have got out of touch, more and more, with the great literary tradition which should be their peculiar possession. Of those who have lost their native language, the majority have settled down in the literary territories of the stranger, and, till but lately, seemed little disposed to return home again. To remedy this sad state of the national mind has been the glorious work which the [people] of the Gaelic Movement have set themselves to accomplish...

..How far we can recreate the tribal history of Ireland from the data afforded us by the Epic Literature has yet to be seen. No systematic attempt has been made to co-ordinate the historic facts which undoubtedly lie hidden in our great literary romances...We may also hope that a more thorough comparative study of the antiquarian monuments scattered over the face of our land will bring the same support to the traditions embedded in our literary remains...The two lines of investigation are closely intertwined ; they must be followed out together and correlated, and the results are likely to be...striking ...

If our remains, literary and archaeological, are investigated in this sense, there can be little doubt but that a most interesting chapter shall have been added to ... history...

introduction to MARTIAL CAREER OF CONGHAL CLÁIRINGHNEACH
EDITED FOR THE FIRST TIME, WITH BY PATRICK M. MACSWEENEY, M.A., 1904

James Joyce, Ulysses [Ní Hansa]... Fenius Farsaigh, descendant of Noah...and ascendant of Heber and Heremon, progenitors of Ireland: their archeological, genealogical, hagiographical, exegetical, homilectic, toponomastic, historical and religious literatures comprising the works of rabbis and culdees...

Reviewed Work: Literary Creation and Irish Historical Tradition by Brian Ó Cuív
Review by: Francis John Byrne Irish Historical Studies Vol. 16, No. 62 (Sep., 1968), Cambridge University Press
The historian of Gaelic Ireland faces a lack of official records together with a wealth of literary material which he might tend to dismiss as irrelevant to his inquiry. But as society must be studied on its own terms, and the fact that the Irish had a literary rather than a historical bias is of itself an interesting cultural phenomenon. Students of Gaelic Ireland must of necessity be in large measure literary historians. For this reason professor Ó Cuiv's interest in the historical implications of literary texts is a hopeful portent that the gulf between philology and history may be spanned more often in the future. The tradition of the heroic saga remained very much alive until the eleventh century or so, and took as its subject matter not merely prehistoric figures but kings [and queens] of the fifth, sixth, seventh, and even eighth centuries. The dry notices of the annals, on the other hand, never found a true chronicler to expand them into a consecutive narrative ...

What the modern world wants more than anything else, what Ireland wants beyond all other modern countries, is a new birth of the heroic spirit." St. Pádraic H. Pearse

Now Cuchulain had gone early that day to practise? his feats * of valour 'and prowess.* These are the names of them all: the Apple-feat, and the Edge-feat, and the Level Shield-feat, and the Little Dart-feat, and the Rope-feat, and the Body-feat, and the Feat of Catt, and the Hero's Salmon-leap,* and the Pole-cast, and the Leap over a Blow (?), and the Folding of a noble Chariot-fighter, and the Gae Bulga ('the Barbed Spear') and the Vantage (?) of Swiftmess, and the Wheel-feat, °and the Rim-feat,® and the Over-Breath-feat, and the Breaking of a Sword, and the Champion's Cry, and the Measured Stroke, and the Side Stroke, and the Running up a Lance and standing erect on its Point, and the Binding of the noble" Hero (around spear points). Táin bó Cúalnge, Joseph Dunn, 1914.

Elizabeth A. Gray in 'Lug and Cú Chulainn: [chief] and warrior, god and man, in *Studia Celtica* XXIV/XXV (1989/90), pp. 38-52, at p 44. As cited in [chiefing] in *Early Irish Literature* Tomás Ó Cathasaigh: Strategist, warrior, satirist, co-ordinator of others' talents — Lug regulates and balances the efforts of the whole tribe, wielding his people into a fighting force much greater than the sum of its parts.

from Tomás Ó Cathasaigh of Harvard University, *Coire Sois, The Cauldron of Knowledge: A Companion to Early Irish Saga ...Cath Maige Tuired 'The Battle of Mag Tuired'* (Gray 1982), which is by common consent the most important of our mythological tales. The text that has come down would seem to be a composite work put together by an eleventh or twelfth century redactor mainly from ninthcentury material (Murphy 1955, 19), and

it deals with a conflict between the Túatha Dé Danann and the Fomoiri, culminating in a great battle at Mag Tuired (Moytirra, Co. Sligo) in which the Túatha Dé Danann are victorious. This battle is included in the schema of legendary prehistory which came to be known as Leabhar Gabhála Éireann 'The Book of the Taking of Ireland', often referred to as 'The Book of Invasions', and which tells of six prehistoric invasions of Ireland (Rees & Rees 1961, 104). It is also concerned with the origin of physical features, boundaries, and names, and with the genesis of Irish customs and institutions. The last three 'invasions' were those of the Fir Bolg, Túatha Dé Danann, and the Children of Míl or Gaels. The 'first' battle of Mag Tuired was fought between the Túatha Dé Danann and the Fir Bolg.

But, perhaps, the most valuable historical reference to be found in all our ancient literature to the belief of the ancient Irish respecting these good-natured female sprites or banshés, who, according to the oldest accounts, are of the Tuatha de Danann race, is found in the account of the battle of Clontarf preserved in the Annals of Kilronan, and in various other MSS not yet published. It is stated that Oeibhinn of Craigliath (near Killaloe), the banshé of the Dal-gCais, enveloped in a magical cloud the hero Dunlaing O'Hartagan (a chief attendant on Murchadh, the son of the monarch Brian Borumha), to prevent him from joining in the battle of Clontarf ; but that O'Hartagan nevertheless made his way to Murchadh, who, on reproaching him for his delay, was told that Oeibhinn was the cause ; upon which O'Hartagan conducted Murchadh to where the banshé was, and a conversation ensued, in which the banshé predicted the fall of the monarch Brian, as well as of the prince Murchadh himself, with O'Hartagan and many other chiefs of the Dalcassian army.

THE JOURNAL KILKENNY AND SOUTH-EAST OF IRELAND
ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. VOL. I NEW SERIES. 1856-57

MEAVE. THE RULER. The story of Meave, Queen of Connacht, is found in the most famous epic of Irish history the Tain BoCuailgne (The Cattle Raid of Cooley). This old heroic tale is to Irish history what the epic of the fifty Argonauts, who sailed with Jason to bring back the Golden Fleece, is to Greek history. It is one of the wonderful stories of the world. The old transcripts, copied about the twelfth century from still older versions, have recently been translated into German, and into English, and have been carefully studied and explained. Queen Meave ruled about three hundred years later than Queen Macha. She lived about the time that Cleopatra ruled in Egypt, and before the Romans discovered Britain. THE ROMANCE OF IRISH HEROINES. L. M. McCRAITH Author of "A GREENTREE" 'THE SUIR: FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA" ETC.

Filíocht

Munster poets are the traditional standard for these, simply based in location and angle of attacks on Éire from Northmen and towards Brú na Bó Finne.

Most of the poetry in Irish has come from [difficult] times - crushed down! And poetry wasn't composed merely for the sake of composing a song; it came straight from the heart - and therefore it meant every word of what was said. — Hiúdaí Ó Duibheannaigh

The poets and writers responded in a language and idiom that could not be interpreted by the heathen invaders. It gives the poor Kerry masters, Piaras Feiritéar, Corca Dhuibhne, Geoffrey O'Donoghue of the Glens, who carried on Feiritéar's work after he was hanged, outside Killarney as you probably know, in 1653. Then Gneeveguilla gave us the great Aoghán Ó Rathaille (1675- 1728), followed by the abundantly talented rascal Eoghan Rua Ó

Súilleabháin (1748-84)" Bernard O'Donoghue

THE WOUNDS OF THE LAND OF FODLA Aoghán Ó Rathaille Wicked, alien boars it was that forced us under great oppression ; I beseech the only Son of God to grant relief to the-Gaels.

THE POET'S SUCCESS. When he succeeds in reaching men's hearts, all other successes are as nought to the poet's. All other honors, emoluments, distinctions, are chips and tinsel compared with the separated and beloved light which surrounds him in the eyes and hearts of the people. JB O'REILLY

WATCHWORDS

Here we perceive the reason why so much importance was attached to the office of Ollamh: he was "able to bind usages," being, in fact, the living repository of privileges and customs, the judicium authority of the time. This higher order of poets were also professional historians, who preserved the chronicles of past events by the assistance of an elaborate system.. THE MUNSTER BARDS

In November, 1584, a jury of the county of Cork made presentment (preserved in Carew- MS. 627), showing how Desmond's rents were paid, and giving the names of no fewer than 72 persons who were living as "poets, chroniclers, and rhymers" in that country

Bertha McCullagh Sliabh Luachra Lectures. Ballydesmond, Sliabh Luachra, Ireland Friday August 1, 2014, Lecture 3, Speaker: Bertha McCullagh, The Poetry of Sliabh Luachra

Nora K. Chadwick 1935 Imbas Forosnai by Nora K. Chadwick Scottish Gaelic Studies, vol 4, part 2, pp. 97-135 Oxford University Press (1935) Imbas: Poetry, Knowledge and Inspiration Isolde Ó Brolcháin Carmody from Story

Archaeology ' The filid, "poets", of early Irish society were not poorly paid struggling artists: they were held in the highest esteem and a crucial part of culture. Indeed, the word fili, "poet", more literally means "seer", and the ollamh, "great poet, chief poet", had comparable status with the [chief] of the túath, "petty [chiefing]", and the bishop in Christian times.

Fionnula Flanagan: "Irish poets, playwrights, and songwriters have been putting this on the stage and on the screen and into books for generations. The heartbreak and the despair that comes about in families such as this... It's all there, the cruelty, despair, the abandonment, the longing, the terrible loneliness and isolation of this particular dilemma ... in families....It's been there and it's been scintillating, glimmering, but the way to intervene on it and stop it in the generations, stop from destroying not only a family here, in Ireland, but a whole Nation, that has not been attempted yet..."
<https://youtu.be/mBQJ69h5>

"The most sublime labour of poetry is to give sense and passion to insensate things...This philological-philosophical axiom proves to us that in the world's childhood people were by nature sublime poets..." — Giambattista Vico, 1668-1744, *Scienza Nuova*, xxxvii,

"If it is indeed the business of imagination to make politics distrust itself - reminding it that its principles are not literal facts but constructs of imagination - it is also its business to encourage politics to remake itself by remaking its images of the good life." — Richard Kearney, *Poetics of Imagining: Modern and Post-Modern*

"Art and morality are, with certain provisos...one. Their essence is the same. The essence of both of them is love. [Grá] is the perception of individuals.

[Grá] is the extremely difficult realization that something other than oneself is real. [Grá], and so art and morals, is the discovery of reality. " — Iris Murdoch

Gone Are All the Noble Poets Daibhi O Bruadai from the Gaeilge I Gone are all the noble poets, Sad the darkness of the world ; The children of those learned ollamhs Now are void of keen retorts. II Sad their books with gray dust covered, Satchels ne'er in folly versed ; Mystic lore forgotten wrongly, Born of wisdom-drinkers' minds. III After the death of the poets, whose riches were poems and wit ; Woe unto him who hath seen the fate that hath come upon us ; Their books, now unheeded in corners, lie mouldering, covered with dust, While of their mystical treasures no whit is possessed by their sons.

Poets are political, they have to be reflections of their times [because] they're living in their times. But I see him more as a pioneer to the sub-conscious. But putting anything poetic out there is political. If you think of the movies... poetry is political in that it's standing in opposition to fascism. Good poetry asks a bunch of questions and asks the audience to interact with themselves or see themselves in it; maybe you like it or you don't like it. But the fascist sort of stuff plays on your fears and tells you to jump on the party line and gives some simple excuses – blame this person, blame that person right? — John Cusack, on Poe, indielondon.co.uk

'John Moriarty is one of Ireland's most important thinkers whose work speaks poetically and powerfully to many of the critical personal, cultural and global crises we are facing. Moriarty is a shaman, a wounded healer, whose patient is, as O'Donoghue tells us, Western culture itself. His

diagnosis is that we have developed a pathological and dangerous way of seeing our world and ourselves. This way of seeing is so endemic that we are not even aware of it, yet it shapes our values and the choices we make everyday. Moriarty's prescription is radical: nothing less than a new way of seeing, one that views everything within and without as 'enfranchised' and that views ourselves as intimately and dynamically contiguous with our world. — Michael Kearney, Foreword to A Moriarty Reader: Preparing for Early Spring

O'Donoghue, Brendan. A Moriarty Reader: Preparing for Early Spring (Kindle Locations 54-55). The Lilliput Press. Kindle Edition. What are poets for in a destitute time? ...[P]oets must be healers—healers who, healed themselves, heal us culturally, heal us, or help to heal us, in the visions and myths and rituals by which we live ...

In the typical aisling, the poet wanders in a lonely place, or falls asleep in a lonely place, and in a dream-vision he sees a beautiful woman. Invariably, the poem goes on to enumerate and lavishly describe her beauties of feature and form. Then the poet asks her who she is and she, calling herself by one or another of her poetic names, reveals that she is [Occupied] Ireland, adding that she is in deepest sorrow and distress because she has been ousted from her rightful inheritance. Heroically, then, the poet declares that he will fight, unto death if necessary, in her cause, and the poem ends with a vision of the old order restored, of [Occupied] Ireland restored to her ancient inheritance, of [Occupied] Ireland once again having the walk of a queen. ...

JOURNAL OF THE Cork Historical and Archaeological Society. Vol. II. MAY, 1893. No. 17. The Early Irish Manuscripts of Munster. In the 18th century Munster had almost a monopoly of the Gaelic poets, whose genius, learning, patriotism and itinerant propensities, furthermore, saved the Irish

language from utter extinction ...

A fili enjoyed full nemed status in early Irish society and his satire, if legitimate, 'played an important part in the early Irish system of justice, being one of the pressures which make people - particularly of high rank - obey the law' (Kelly, 1988, 138).

-Satirical Narrative in Early Irish Literature Ailís Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh Ph.D.
Degree NUI Maynooth

Mug Ruith, ríghili cen goí, ba breithem, ba suí Ro ngabsat Goídil ar [...] Níba rí, ba druí. Servant of the Many, a royal poet without falsehood, was a judge and a sage whom the Gaels took... He was not a (rí) [chief], he was a (draoi) druid. – 2005 Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society, John Carey

It was a constant theme of regret with the Irish [Filí] of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that the Saxon planter's who succeeded the Irish...chiefs despised — in their gross ignorance — both poets and poetry, and indeed learning in general.

Queen Victoria's Treasury regarding late 1500s To listen to Irish lays or give alms to an Irish [lawyer poet] exposed the offender, by the bitter sarcasm of the [English] laws, to the forfeiture of both ears if the offence were repeated. "All carroughes, bards, rhymers, " and common idle [Indigenous] men and women, within this province [sic] (of Munster), making rhymes, bringing of messages, and common players at cards, [are] to be spoiled of all their goods and chattels, and to be put in the next stocks [neck stocks, tortured], there to remain till they shall find sufficient surety to leave that "wicked thrade of life, and fall to other occupation." As if, forsooth, they

could !"

Trí gráda coillte túath inna ngói: góí rí, góí shenchada, góí bretheman.

Three ranks that ruin tribes in their falsehood: the falsehood of a chief, of a historian, of a judge.

the Virtues, Learning, Eloquence, and Patriotism of the Irish Bishops, Priests and Students of the Penal Days... IRISH SCHOLARS OF THE PENAL DAYS: GLIMPSES OF THEIR LABORS ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE. REV. WILLIAM P. TREACY

For a long period, however, after the revolution, the last of the race of our bards, indignant at the national oppressions, and disregarding the terrors of death or exile, which inevitably followed detection, poured forth their feelings of political hope, enmity, revenge, or despair, in strains, which roused and strengthened those passions in the breasts of their desponding countrymen. These "heart home lays" of their venerated bards, the people treasured up in their memories ; and, as it was treason to sing them openly, they were chaunted at private meetings, or by the cottage fire-sides throughout the land, with feelings lit tie short of religious enthusiasm. By these means, the embers of discontent were fanned and kept alive, until they burst forth in those terrible conflagrations Irish Minstrelsy, Hardiman vol II, 1831.

Colmcille made a verse (or rann) For the rich man as well as the poor man
— If you will not purchase heaven for yourself Your wife or children will not purchase it for you. Although pilgrimages and fasting and praying are good
— Without false sighs (hypocrisy), In spite of all that, better still Is humanity, kindness, and hospitality. Seanfhocla Uladh/Proverbs of Ulster 1907, Énrí Ó Muirgheasa

“Columcille on whom was no trouble, Great his wisdom, good his understanding; A falsehood never passed his lips, And never did he do vanity.” Dallan Forgaill

Iomarbhágh na bhfileadh O sons of Eibhear, if you find your honour standing secure owing to my learned well-reasoned poem, it were not strange that I get the reward of it ! 10. The honour-price worthy of your race, the race that leaves no brave man lying low I have a right to that for defending your race — though my claim be hard to grant. 11. Much as Mac Liag * of Luimneach got — half of what he got is not known — he did not merit from the fair ' Muimhneach band as great reward as I. 12. Seeking my reward I will pay a visit — with some importunity — to you, fair sons of Eibhear ! On no bootless visit shall I get it. 13. I shall not forget the race of good Carthach...with their kindred branches, who set no store on paltry love of treasures.' ^ McDonogh, Ealla's good lord, and the people brave in the battle-throng, the brave O Keefes and O Callaghans. i6. The O Mahonys and the McKennas , the noble O'Sullivans, brave Mac Gillacuddy, that martial warrior hero. McAuliffes who support poets' schools, the modest-visaged O'Donohoes, whose glory is preeminence in sharp good lances, and the fierce-armed McFineens. * 18. The O Hehirs are of the same stock, and the brave O Moriarties. Count the O Donovans of them too...

The Poetic Brehon Lawyers of Early Sixteenth-Century Katherine Simms
Trinity College Dublin For the year 1529, the Annals of Loch Cé record the deaths of four Irish Brehons, or traditional lawyers. Three of them are said to be learned in poetry as well. The longest entry concerns An Cosnamhach Mac Aodhagáin, or MacEgan, the most eminent man in the lands of the [Gaels] in Irish customary law [féineachas], and in poetry (filidhecht), with secular jurisprudence (breithemnus tuaithi)...

The literary language whose thrust is not self-evident or superficial and the noble reading aloud— for ardent judges and bards, they are the keys which release locks. — Katherine Simms, *The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century Ireland*

'We are told the ideal ollamh or master of the legal profession should be expert in every art,⁴ that is in all branches of vernacular Irish learning: customary law, bardic poetry, music, medicine, and traditional history (including genealogy)... The [Gaels use] two words interchangeably for these arts or professions: dán which meant primarily a talent, a gift from God, and cerd which meant rather a craft, an acquired skill, used particularly of ornamental metal-workers, but also of poets ... We should ask ourselves then, why it [is] so important for Irish lawyers to be expert in every art, and especially in poetry? — Katherine Simms, *The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century Ireland*

Bishop John O'Brien's 1726 Gravestone inscription for Fr. Eóghan Ó Caoimh ..a prudent, chaste, and amiable man was he ; and a learned and truly skilful poet, as well as an expert and cultured scholar, in the original tongue of his country and of his ancestors... There you have, O stone—my loss !— beneath your side, weak, a priest who was cultured, and who was perfect in the law of the Son of God ; a radiant watchman of the blood of O'Keeffe, bravest in the fight ; a historian who for a season wrote truthfully about the Gaels.

Katherine Simms *The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century*
There was a practical purpose for lawyers in acquiring an encyclopedic knowledge of ancient Irish mythology. Irish judges were aware of the concept of legal precedents and case law as grounds for a decision... ..

[One] important mythical judge was Morann of the Magic Collar, whose collar was used as a lie detector, choking witnesses who gave false testimony. Maxims attributed to this fictional character run through the texts of the Munster law-school which produced the Old Irish Bretha Nemed tracts and related works... the doubtful cases and disputes cited in the law-tracts are drawn from the plots of literary myths and sagas...

Katherine Simms The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century Ghadraigh Mac Aodhagáin ... This comprises a fascinating parody of an Irish brehons summing-up at the end of a law-case. He states at the outset: 'as a good chief-judge is bound to expound the statements of each party, correct false information, and maintain justice in its rightful place...'

"In the 'pool [Liverpool] they told us the story How the English divided the land Of the pain and the death and the glory And the poets of auld Éireland.. . -Yoko Ono and John Lennon, Luck of the Irish

„A still more boundless continuity of shade, limited indeed only by the ocean, is claimed for Erin in the old rhyme :— " Ireland was thrice beneath the ploughshare. Thrice it was wood, and thrice it was bare....

THE JOURNAL KILKENNY AND SOUTH-EAST OF IRELAND
ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. VOL. I NEW SERIES. 1856-57 WOODS AND
FASTNESSES, AND THEIR DENIZENS, IN ANCIENT LEINSTER. BY HERBERT F.
HORE, ESQ

WIKIPEDIA In 1616 the Earl of Thomond's bard, Tadhg Mac Dáire Mac Bruaidealha, wrote verses attacking the semi-legendary bard Torna Éigeas on account of historical inaccuracies in his work and his partiality to the northern half of [Occupied] Ireland and the Eremonian branches of the Gael. In effect, Tadhg's verses celebrated the greatness of the Eberian septs

of the southern half of [Occupied] Ireland and their ascendancy over the North; he even included his patron's Norman lineage as worthy of the race of Ébhear. This provoked verses in response from other court bards, notably, Lughaidh Ó Cléirigh, in which abstruse points of poetic etiquette and the respective merits of the two halves of [Occupied] Ireland were vehemently argued. In extolling his own side, Lughaidh emphasised the historical defence of Tara, rather than the internecine struggle for the high-CHIEFDOM of [Occupied] Ireland; Tadhg's response referred to the achievements of his patron's ancestor, Brian Boru, and poohpoohed the former martial feats of the Eremonians as consisting merely of battles among themselves; the northern poets (whose allegiance lay with the exiled Ulster princes) countered with the accusation that Tadhg was betraying the bardic profession in his failure to comprehend the truth of the noble history of the Gael.

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..The Ireland that the poems traced in their lore was past, and it seems that the bards were incapable of adapting their ways[gaimbín is a sin, Féineachas is God's law]. The Contention proved to be the last flourish of Dán Díreach courtly poetic style: within decades the great school metres had been abandoned in favour of the looser Amhrán or Aisling, and the esteem in which the bards had been held in Gaelic Ireland was never regained.

JOURNAL OF THE Cork Historical and Archaeological Society. Vol. II. MAY, 1893. No. The Early Irish Manuscripts of Munster. [In the 18th century Munster had almost a monopoly of the Gaelic poets, whose genius, learning, patriotism and itinerant propensities, furthermore, saved the Irish language from utter extinction in the South

There are seven things which overturn every (attempt at) dissolving (a contract) in [Féineachas] law: worthy witnessing, paying-sureties, undue lapses of time, immoveable rocks, a long-memored custodian of tradition [Senchaidhe Sírcuimnech], an old godly writing, a bequest in respect of death. Liam Breatnach, "Satire, Praise and the Early Irish Poet." Ériu, vol. 56, 2006, pp. 63–84. JSTOR, www.jstor.org/stable/30007051.

Antaine Raiftearaí (Galway, 1779-1835) Since the time Henry [VIII, 1500s] rejected his first wife at the beginning of the Reformation The Gael are being persecuted harshly, sharply in every place Their laws are not yielded to but instead they are hung and tortured

Senchas Már, Dí Thúaslucud Rudrad: Except for three established things which confirm every certain ownership: that which is heard and transmitted by the Féniu, a poem with the inspiration of a filid, a document in the possession of a holy successor. Breatnach, Liam. "Satire, Praise and the Early Irish Poet." Ériu, vol. 56, 2006

There is now much public comment and debate on what prosperity has meant for [Occupied] Ireland...newspaper column summed up a current attitude as follows, 'It's not who we are anymore. It's what we buy. We identify ourselves by our stuff...[IRISH TIMES, WHAT WE OWN IS WHO WE ARE, 4 Nollaig 2006] Capitalising on Culture, Competing on Difference: Innovating, Learning and Sense of Place in a Globalising Ireland, Finbarr

Bradley and James J. Kennelly, 2008.

"You are not what you own." — Fugazi, Merchandise, Repeater, 1990

Three poets of the world: Homer of the Greeks, Vergil of the Latins, Ruman of the Gaels.—Book of Leinster, p. 354b.

Ollamh Patrick O'Kelly, Esq., of the county of Galway, to George IV (1762 – 1830) in Dublin: 'Three poets for three sister kingdoms born, One for the Rose, another for the Thorn ; One for the Shamrock, which will ne'er decay, While Rose and Thorn must yearly fade away. ' At which the King and his Court laughed heartily."

It is the Island of pious, generous chieftains ; It is the Island of orderly, excellent hospitallers ; The Island which supported hosts and wanderers ; The Island of divines and of nobles, the bulwark of sovereignty St. Donatus' description of Ireland in the ninth century

Hospitality, and courage, and brightness, and fame without sorrow. The choicest qualities—the purest, the noblest—and esteem, The Phoenix of all Munster, their fortress, and their strength ——O stone. From the Death of Ó Callaghan at Thresherstown.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF MUNSTER: A SELECTION OF IRISH SONGS BY THE POETS OF THE LAST CENTURY, WITH METRICAL TRANSLATIONS, BY ERIONNACH, 1860 "This has been kindly communicated by Professor Connellan, who received it from the lips of a Donegal peasant, O'Gallacher, in 1825."

Oidhreacht Chúigí. Donegal duine, Ó Gallchóir, in 1825

Each Munster chief is a stately Flower, The weak one's dauntless defending power; Tis' a land o'er-flowing with honey and beoir, And shelters and succours The Poor evermore ! On Leinster's plains what voices of revelry, What fleet-footed steeds ! what Columns of Chivalry ! How musical, mirthful and modest each maiden, Whose soul is with honor and truthfulness laden !

'Twere easier to reckon the leaves of the lea Than the beautiful maids and high chieftains that be, In Ulster !—Grand home of stout steed-mounted warriors, Thy shields and thy quick swords are Liberty's barriers ! Dear Connacht were praised, tho' hushed in the tomb I lay, O Land without fault !—thou never look'st gloomily ! For the Children of Song gold and honors flow therein, And 'tis Connacht's the wheat of our green pleasant Erinn !

Sliabh Luachra By Bertha McCullagh Sliabh Luachra is, you know, such a vast area, but in a way undefined also. And it has produced some of Ireland's greatest poets, especially Aoghán Ó Rathaille and Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin. It has also been the birthplace of An tAthair Ó Dinneen, Patrick Dinneen, who is responsible for our great Dictionary ...Con Houlihan, whom Pat mentioned, the great journalist and writer and critic, when he was asked about Sliabh Luachra, he said, "I think it's a state of mind."

THE POET ON HIS DEATH-BED WRITING TO HIS FRIEND, HAVING FROM CERTAIN CAUSES FALLEN INTO DESPONDENCY. Gaeilge Aoghán Ó Rathaille I will not cry for help, till I am put into a narrow coffin, And I swear, if I were to cry, it would be no nearer to me, Our whole support, the

strong-handed one of the race of Eoghan — His strength is undermined,
and his vigour gone to decay. My brain trembles as a wave, my chief hope
is gone ; My entrails are pierced through, venomous darts penetrate my
heart ; Our land, our shelter, our woods, our fair neighbourhood, In pledge
for a penny to a band from the land of Dover !

Bloodlines

The O'Kellys of Uí Máine acquired much of their power and wealth in the
14th century and to their credit, many aspect of Gaelic learning such as
genealogy, grammar, poetry, sagas, history and folklore thrived under their
patronage. To Murtoogh O'Kelly, bishop of Clonfert and later archbishop of
Tuam must go the credit of having produced the great genealogical study
known as the Book of Uí Máine. This work was due to his patronage rather
than his scholarship, as he employed a staff of six scribes in its production.

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dugan>

The Victory of Callaghan of Cashel is the standard for understanding how
the Gaels incorporated bloodlines into texts. The Coimgne process is a
putting together based on who joined the alliance that led to the
restoration of the Féineachas. The Callaghan story as Ó Corráin notes has
the Eóghannachta alliance represented by one ancestor hero, like a family
title most likely. Example for that is Failbhe Fionn and McCarthy in some
versions of the story. It should show for example, the same thing in the
Táin. Fergus is my family, Maeve is hers.

I The reigning house is the family of Uí Chaoimh, Strong Dragons of many
and great riches; People of great judgement from the green plains of Lir,
The mighty defenders of Cashel. II A conquering party that committed no
mean action, Natives that were of late exiled; By those oppressions that
afflict the land of Breagh, Which cause them not to enjoy the inheritance of

their ancestors. XXIII If the children of Éibhear had not lost The sovereignty
of the famous Cashel, The family of O'Keeffe would not rest Without
claiming its undoubted right.

From a genealogical poem by Tadhg Mac Dáire Mac Bruaideadha (1570–
1652) translated by Michael Longan with some minor changes

Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society, vol VIV second
series 1908 The Irish ... of co. Cork are : O'Callaghan, O'Cowhig or O'Coffey,
O'Crowley, O'Daly, O'Donovan, O'Donoghue, O'Driscoll, O'Dwyer, O'Flynn,
O'Haly, O'Hea, O'Hennessy, O'Kearney, O'Keeffe, O'Leary, O'Lyon, O'Lehan,
O'Mahony, O'Riordan, O'Sullivan, MacCarthy-Reagh (princes of Carbery),
MacCarthy MacDonough (princes of Duhallow), MacCarthy (lords of
Musketry), McAuliffe, Meagh, etc. ...By Irish custom all land was the
common property of the sept, the chief being the " oldest in descent and
worthiest of the blood."

The last, not least, of thy weapons, my son, Shall be the glittering glaive of
Ó Duinn, The gift from Aenghus' powerful hands, The hewer-downer of the
Fenian bands With edge so fine ! O hushaby, hushaby, child of mine ! from
A LULLABY Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin trans. James Clarence Mangan

Over Uí Riagain of heavy routs A vigorous tribe who conquer in battle-axes
Is Ó Duinn, chief of demolition Hero of the golden battle-spears
Ó Dugan, Topographical poems

Keating's History of Ireland: Tré bhonn Aonghuis anba an bhroid, Do
chuaidh rinn bhaichle bPádroig; Gur líon an t-urlár da fhuil, An gníomh ní
cómhrádh coguir. Through the foot of Aengus, great the discomfort, Went

the point of Patrick's crozier; So that the floor was covered with his blood,
The deed is no whispered gossip. [Translated by P.S. Dinneen]

Beatha Naomh Páidraig Book Lismore After that Naomh Páidraig went into the province of Munster, to Cashel of the [chief]. And Oengus, son of Natfraich, [chief] of Munster, met him, and made him welcome, and brings him with him to his house, to the fort, as far as the place wherein Lecc Padraic is to-day. And Oengus there believed in God and in Naomh Páidraig, and he was baptized and a multitude of the men of Munster along with him. There, then, was the beginning of the baptism of the men of Munster.

And then said Naomh Páidraig : 'If Munster-men outrage me Regarding Cashel the head of their baptism, They shall have mutual slaughter amidst their land, Their realm will be in disgrace.

From Cashel I have blessed Ireland as far as its borders. With my two hands have I blessed, So that Munster will not be without good.

Now when Naomh Páidraig was blessing the head of Oengus, the spike of the crozier [crozier of Lismore, new housing 1090ish] went through his foot. So, after the end of the benediction, Naomh Páidraig saw the wound in Oengus's foot. Said Naomh Páidraig: 'Why didnt you tell me?'

'Meseemed,' saith Oengus, 'that it was a rite of the faith.' 'Thou shalt have a reward for this,' saith Naomh Páidraig. ' From to-day to the Judgment thy successor shall not have a death by slaying, save one man only [Cenngecan was slain A.D. 897].

Patrick saith that his grace would abide in Cashel: 'Patrick's resurrection in

Down, His primacy in Armagh, On the hillock of musical Cashel, He granted a third of his grace.'

Stowe Missal Cumdach: "The blessing of God on every soul who deserve it"

Stowe Missal Contents: The Gospel of St. John (incomplete) Portable Manuscript Icon of St. John The Ordinary and Canon of the Hibernian Liturgy Caiseal Rite A special Mass for the apostles, martyrs, saints and virgins. A special Mass for living penitents. A special Mass for the dead. The Order of Baptism.

The Anointing of the Sick, including Communion. The Irish Tract on the Hibernian Liturgy. The first of three Old Irish healing prayers: 'Against a red eye'. The second of three Old Irish healing prayers: 'Against a thorn'. The third of three Old Irish healing prayers: 'Against urinary disease'.

A prayer for Gillaruadan O'Macan, the successor, by whom this was covered." Gillaruadan O'Macan, who thus appears to have borne a part of the cost of the later decoration or to have otherwise had some share in the credit of it, is also unknown. The name means " Servant of Ruadan," and it is possible therefore that, as Dr. Todd suggests, he was the comharb or successor of St. Ruadan as abbot of Lorrha, which was in Lower Ormond, in Munster...

There is, however, on f. 32, a list of saints to be commemorated, or what is known as the diptychs, 3 which is in the hand of one of the original scribes and must therefore have been written before Moelcaich's interpolations, and it is necessary to ascertain whether it includes any saint posterior to Samthann. It begins with Biblical names from Abel to the Apostles and

Evangelists, who are followed by the three early martyrs Stephen, Cornelius and Cyprian, and the two early hermits Paul and Anthony. Of the two remaining sections, the first comprises the names of as many as thirty-five bishops. All of them are insular except the first four, Martin, Gregory, Maximus, and Felix, who are identified by Dr. MacCarthy with Martin of Tours (ob. 397 or 401), Gregory of Tours (ob. 594), Maximus of Riez (ob. 462), and Felix of Nantes (ob. 584).

Catheri, Cathar. A Cathar, as Dr. MacCarthy remarks, is included in the list of bishops (next to Iserninus) in the Book of Leinster, 363d, but he is otherwise unknown.

-Warner

Ó Riain suggested that the shrine would have likely been created in the context of a power struggle over north Munster between Donnchad [O'Brien] and Macc Raith [O Callahan]...

...It was Todd who first suggested that the manuscript had been made in Lorrha, Co. Tipperary.³⁹⁸ In this, he based himself on the inscriptions on the upper face of the shrine, which O'Connor had not been able to solve.

Having correctly identified Pilib Ó Ceinnéidigh and his wife Áine, he observed that a coarb named Giolla Rúadhan might well have been the coarb of St Ruadán of Lorrha, especially given that Lorrha was one of the main churches of Lower Ormond, or, as Todd put it, [Incriminating them] "O'Kennedy's country". -Todd, "On the Ancient Irish Missal" (1856): 15-16

...Todd's Lorrha hypothesis MacCarthy offering his support, stating in his

edition "that the MS. belonged to a Munster church, perhaps that of St. Ruadhan of Lothra, in Lower Ormond"

Nooij Lars

Caisel, now Cashel, in the county of Tipperary, was once the capital of Munster, and the chief residence of its Chiefs. The word caiscl signifies a circular stone fort... The city of Cashel was at this time in the possession of the Norsemen. Glendemain is in the next chapter written Glenamain (gen. Glennamnach) which is probably the right form of the name. —

Glennamhain is derived from abhainn abounding in rivers«, and signifies »the watery or marshy glen«. The place is now called Glanworth, and is situated in the barony of Fermoy, in the county of Cork...called »Glennamain of Cashel «

Alexander Bugge's Notes on Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil (1904) the victorious career of Cellachan of Cashel, or, The Wars between the Irishmen and the Norsemen in the middle of the 10th century, Norske historiske kildeskriftfond

O'er many a long mile did they flee, The dove, the raven stained with gore,
And found beneath the Murderer's tree The young heir of Glenore, --A
bloody, ghastly corpse was he By murmuring Funcheon's fairy shore. From
The Green Dove and the Raven

[CHIEFING] in Early Irish Literature Tomás Ó Cathasaigh, Harvard University
The [chiefdom] of Munster at Cashel was the most prestigious [chiefdom]
in the southern half of Ireland... ...According to Senchas Fagbála Caisil 'The
Story of the Finding of Cashel', Cashel was discovered by two swineherds
'and the woods of Cashel were yellow at that time, and mast was plentiful
there'. In a dream, the swineherds saw Conall Corc: God's blessing was

being given to him and his successors as [chiefs] of Cashel so long as they observed the Truth, together with mercy. His successors are duly named. One of the swineherds speaks in a trance of the blessing that he heard the angel deliver. What he has to say is couched in obscure language, and it has not been possible to translate it fully...After the first part the [chief] responds to the swineherd, saying: 'Rob fir firthar, rob bríg brígrther 'May it be a truth that is confirmed: may it be a power that is enforced'. and the people answer 'amen'....

Mogh Ruith Genealogy Rawlinson B 502, 157 Z36 Translated into english by Erik Stohellou Mug Roith, son of Fergus, of which come the men of Mag Fene. He went to learn the magic with the Druid Simon. And with him he made the rolling Wheel - which will come to Europe before the Doom - in the year before Simon had a fight with Paul and Peter. And Europe will therefore be addressed because of the pupil from each breed (?), who was with Simon in the fight against Peter. Cacht, daughter of Cathmand, [chief] of the Britons, was Mother of Mog Ruith. Roth son of Riguill educated him. Therefore, it is called Mug Roith. Two sons of Mog Ruith: Buan and Fercorb. DerDraig, mother of two sons of Mog Ruith and the mother of Cairpre Lifechar: two sisters from the Corco Barddeine de Dun Chermna. Dron, however, the daughter of Lairine was the wife of Mog Ruith. And the daughter of Mog Ruith was Tlachtga *** and she was pregnant of the three sons of Simon before she came back from the East, and she gave birth to his three sons. And they brought the pillars of the Cnamchaill viz the only Remnants of the broken Wheel. Everyone blind, shall see it, deaf, hears it, dead, it will fall on him. © Erik Stohellou - 2011

The wheel of fortune and thimble-man. So now for to end my conversation I must put a end to those few lines It is in Killorglin we will reinstate him And every year till the end of time

<https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4687717/4686842>

As to the Wizard Mogh Ruith and the Rowing Wheel, which is to roll over Europe before Doomsday, crushing the tribes to which the pupils of Simon Magus respectively belonged, see the Bodleian ms. Laud 610, fo. 109a 1, and O'Curry's Lecturer, pp. 272, 385, 401, 421, 423, 428. Of the pillar-stone of Cnámchoill it is said: Dall cach oen notn-aicfe, bodar each oen nod-cluinfe, marb each óen risi mbenfa, Land 610, fo. 109f 2, u Blind (Will be) every one who shall see it: deaf every one Who shall hear it, and dead every one against whom it shall strike -THE PROSE TALES IN THE The Rennes Dindienchas. Whitley Stokes

Forbhais Droma Dámhgháir/ Fiacha Muilleathan gives Fermoy to Mogh Ruith and descendants ***forever***: "The soil of this area was brought to Mogh Ruith and this was earth he chose as his own saying: 'Sliab um figh. figh um magh. magh cu srothaihh sainemlaibh. fo midhabunn. fo sruthabunn. fo nemhleith. rasuighthe sealg. sernfaid slechtaibh. sluaghuibh sochaidibh solmhaibh. airdíbh echtghonaighaisig anairmrinnid. iarann fou, iarunn forro. fir mhu mna fir mu maic. fir mu cliom. fir muichit. fir dianaibh togairter do neimib nathrach do chaidib dracon. co lutha lonnaidi co lainnibh langhaile. mar luisin lanadhbhuil. fo lasair lainerdha. letras fraech for cocnus figh silas sliabh". Sliab.'

I think you should not have invented your story of the wizardry of the old druid Moghruith at oxen-rich Druim Damhghaire, seeing that it was all superstition ! THE CONTENTION OF THE BARDS EDITED WITH TRANSLATION, NOTES, GLOSSARIES, Etc. BY REV. L. McKENNA, SJ.

'- a famous contention - the feast of John [will come] upon the Gael, so that there shall not be of the race of noble Gaels save one-third unslain. 42. The

single third which will be left on that day of the host of the Gael and the [evil] foreigners, oh Son of Mary...' The Beheading of John the Baptist by Mog Ruith translated from Middle Irish by Annie M. Scarre, 1910

Caoimhín Ó Danachair. "The Holy Wells of Corkaguiney." The Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland 90.1 (1960): 76. " MacDonough (op cit) explains: A particular association of the [Tobar Nm. Eóin near Castle Minard] well which has contributed to the long survival of religious observance here is the legend connecting St John the Baptist with the Corea Dhuibhne people. This legend asserted that John the Baptist was beheaded by an Irish druid called Mogh Roith (the Slave of the Wheel) from Valentia Island on the other side of Dingle Bay, and prophesied that the Irish people - and especially the Corca Dhuibhne - would be called upon to pay for the crime at a date when certain time divisions coincided.

In 1096 ... the appointed time was approaching, and Ireland was seized with a panic... Rigorous fasting and prayer were undertaken, and it is probably from this date that the well derived its importance, along with many others dedicated to St John the Baptist."

One of the O'Keeffes of Duhallow held a reliquary a small, brass-bound, wooden box. The relic was a piece. of wood, said to be a portion of the true cross ; it was of a triangular form, as large as a smoothing-iron, and called the Caoina or " Memorial." On this the people of the district used to swear, until the present parish priest (1856), Father Fitzpatrick, seeing the superstitious uses made of it, took it away from the proprietor. Of its existence nothing is now known.

From the Gaelic: Who would not mourn the soul of generosity, Pierce Ferriter, the very erudite, Teige O'Connor, and Bishop Egan Were hanged from a gallows on Sheep-hill [Fair hill] Others they transplanted and transported to Jamaica. Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological society

Excellent the Rule of Bangor, Correct, and divine, Exact, holy, constant, Exalted, just, and admirable. Blessed the family of Bangor, Founded on unerring faith, Graced with the hope of salvation, Perfect in charity, Munther Benchuir. Trans. e Rev. W. REEVES, Ulster Journal of Archaeology, vol 1 ser 1, 1853.

From Eoghanacht Genealogies Book of Munster Trans. Eugene O'Keeffe
Fiacha Muilleathan the Munster chief did not leave Leath Cuind until he got hostages and homage from Cormac mac Airt; as the poet Feidhlime mac Crimthann wrote:- Good was the chief Fiacha Muilleathan A great territory the Half over which he ruled He brought hostages from Tara the Strong To Rathfuim to Rath Naoi Though he was great; Cormac Ua Cuinn He bowed to the chief of Tir Duinn (Munster)""

the druid and his daughter Muncha went to Western Magh Femhin, for there was Eoghan's residence at Knockgraffon. When the time came for the child to be born, the druid said, "Daughter, if it is today that you shall bear the child, he shall be a druid; but if he is not born until tomorrow, the child shall be Rí and his descendants shall be a royal race." Muncha said: "My son shall not be born until tomorrow so that he shall be Rí. The daughter of Dil's then goes to the River Suir, to Ath Hisil on the Suir. There was a great flagstone in the middle of the ford there — she lay flat on the stone until daybreak on the following day. "It is time now, O daughter," said her father, "to bear the child." The wonderful talented youth was then born, in the

middle of the flagstone that is Fiacha Muilleathan [Fiacha Flat-head] —
father of all the Eoghanachta. Fr. Eóghan Ó Keeffe above from Book of
Munster

Then the Men of Munster said to Dil: "Accept our thanks and go at once to
ask Mogh Roith if he can help us." -Forbuis

Wrymes for the Wren The wren, the wren, [chief] of all birds On the
Martyr's day he was caught in the furze Although he is little his family was
great Rise up landlady and give us a trate — Adapted from Jeremiah
Gleeson, Tooreennamult, Co. Kerry, duchar.ie

Then the noble, valiant descendants of Eoghan arose, and arranged
themselves into a furious, steady, brave battalion of champions. —
Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil

and in this way it was that Ironbones was sent off from the shores of
Ireland, without victory, honour, or glory, and deprived of the power of
ever again boasting himself... THE CHURL IN THE GREY COAT,

"At the regional and local level", writes Gearóid Ó Cruaí in *The Book of the Cailleach: Stories of the Wise-Woman Healer*, "the divine female represents the sovereignty principle in respect of more localized dynastic identity, as for example, in the case of the O'Brien dynasty of Thomond in North Munster (Aoibheall) and the O'Keeffe dynasty of East and North Cork (Clíodna)." Clíodhna, whose name may mean "the territorial one", is also associated with Cork's McCarthy family line, to whom she is said to have passed the secret of the Blarney Stone, which is now housed at Blarney Castle, built by Cormac MacCarthy in the 15th century.

RTE Jenny Butler

Songs of Donegal 1921 Pat MacGill THE RETURN (Argument : Hughie Gallagher, son of the Widow Gallagher, returns to Dooran, his native townland with the [Banshee] Banríon his wife.) WHEN Hughie Gallagher came home, his bosom filled with pride, And brought to Dooran, as his own, his bonnie [Banshee] Bride,

From this line came three more High Chiefs – Loingseach (696 – 703), the son of Aongus, who fell that day at Dún Creamhanain and Congal Chinn Mhaghair (705 – 710), descendant of Donall himself, and Flaitheartach (728 – 734), son of the above Loingseach, the last of the High Chiefs from the Cineall Conaill line.... In 1022, the Four Masters tell us of the death of Maelcobha Ó'Gallagher, Abbot of Skreen of Eunan – an old church in the parish of Skreen, Co. Sligo today. 21 And this Skreen had a connection with the Kineal Conaill from the time of St. Colmcille and St. Eunan. ...It was the daughter of O'Gallagher who was the mother of the first Niall Garbh O'Donnell, Lord of Tir Conaill. (1342 – 48). www.gallagherclan.org

Fios Naomh Adamnáin, The Knowledge and Understanding of St. Eunan
How much more fitting were it [to]... meditate on the Day of Judgment, and the terrors of Hell... And at that very time shall the guilty be set in the abyss of everlasting pain, and the book of the Word of God shall be then closed, under the curse of the Breitheamh of Doom, for ever.

Macha inghean Aodha ruaidh m Badhairn seacht mbliadna go ttorcail la Reachtaidh rigdercc A.M. 4546. 59. Gan fhechain don réim riograidhe do cuaidh cugaibh athaid o shoin tuiccidh gurab e so suidhiuccadh do conncas do chach do tabfaint] ar ord righe na riogh so, oir adeir Tochmarc Eimhire 7 na leabair go coitcenn gurab sealaighecht doronsat[ar] imon righe. 60.

Aodh RUADH m Badhairn m Airgettmair m Siorlamha seacht mbliadna co rosleicc an righe iar sin do Dhiothorba mac Démain iar ccaithemh an chédshel dé budéin,. uair robattar ratha fair ima telgedh uadha a cciond secht mbliadain do Dhiothorba 7 ar Dhiothorba beds ima légadh do Chiombaoth -iar secht mbliadhnoibh oile (amhail as follus isin Leabar Gabhala 7 isin leabar airis do sgriobamar) A.M. 4476. GENEALOGIAE: REGUM et SANCTORUM HIBERNIAE BY THE FOUR MASTERS, Ó Cleirigh, Walsh, 1918

Elopements

In the Life of St. Carthach, or Mochuda, given by the Very Rev. Canon O'Hanlon (Lives of Irish Saints, iv., p. 240, et seq.), it is stated that when Mochuda was travelling through Munster he came to a river formerly called Nemphe, but at the time the Life was written the river was named Abhainn mMhor, now the Blackwater. Mochuda seeing an apple swimming on the river, took it and brought it towards home.

The place was subsequently called, in consequence of the finding of the apple in the ford, Ath Ubhla, or "ford of the apple." On the way northwards along the great road, the charioteer of Mochuda asked him for the apple, but Mochuda stated that by means of the apple would be cured the withered hand of the beautiful daughter of Cuanna Mac Cailein, King of Feara Maighe Fene. In *Chronicum Scotorum*, a.d. 629, is noted the death of Cailcin, son of Dima, from Liathmuine in Feara Maighe. Mochuda saw Flannaid, or "ruddy one," daughter of Cuanna, playing with some young girls in front of her father's residence, and having her right hand withered and hanging helplessly at her side. Mochuda called Flannaid to him, and said to her, "Take this apple," and Flannaid having extended her left hand,

Mochuda told her to reach forth the right hand, which she did, and found it restored to strength while thus receiving the apple from Mochuda.

Flannaid refused to accept as husband any one of the princes of Munster, and accompanied Mochuda to Raithin, in King's Co., where she lived in a nunnery, and afterwards accompanied Mochuda to Lismore, * and founded Cells at Forth and Cluain Dablam on the Blackwater, places which were bestowed upon her by Cuanna Mac Cailcin. Various tales, now lost, must have been told in Fermoy concerning Flannaid, for in the Journal, 1897, p. 86, we read : "This is similar to the spell laid on Cuanan (Cuana Mac Cailcin) and his beautiful daughter, who are confined to their palace in the Blarney Lough, as well as Giroid Iarla in Lough Gur, together with various other celebrated personages, who are not likely to be freed from their enchantment in this age, so devoted to sordid gain."

Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society, vol VIV second series 1908 Ballyhooly. By Rev. J. F. Lynch

Some particulars concerning Cuana Mac Cailcin have been already given, who, according to Four Masters, died a.d. 640. The wife of Cuana was named Ruithchearn (O'Curry's Lectures, p. 590), and she was the daughter of Aedh Bennan, King of West Munster about a.d. 600. In the Book of Leinster there is a sketch of the tale of the elopement of Ruithchearn with Cuana.

Tomás Ó Cathasaigh Irish tales were classified according to their titles. Some of these have to do with major events in the life of an individual, such as comperta ('conceptions'), aitheda ('elopements'), tochmarca ('wooings'), echtraí ('expeditions [to the Otherworld]'), immrama 'seavoyages', and aithe / aideda ('violent deaths'). Others relate momentous or cataclysmic events in the social and political history of population

groups, such as catha ('battles'), tomadmann ('eruptions [of lakes or rivers]'), tochomlada ('migrations'), oircne ('slaughters, destructions'), togla ('destructions'), and tána bó ('cattle raids').

The Banshee of Dunluce Castle

adapted from Celticelegance.com

First built by the Norman Conquistador Richard Óg de Burgh in the thirteenth century, the earliest documented records from 1513 show that at that time Dunluce Castle belonged to the MacQuillan family before being taken by the MacDonnell's.

The site of Dunluce Castle has been seen as significant both spiritually and strategically and has often been fought over. Many people have met their deaths on this rock that stands high above the sea with sheer dropson all sides. Now the ruined castle on its summit can only be reached by a narrow bridge from the mainland. Within its cold grey stone walls there have been reports of ghostly sightings and apparitions for hundreds of years....

One such story is that of Maeve Roe, thought to be the only daughter of Lord MacQuillan. Defying his wishes to become betrothed to Richard Oge, Maeve was held by MacQuillan in the north eastern turret of the castle. Maeve had given her heart to another, Reginald O'Cahan and every day and night she looked out of her prison in the hope that he would come for her.

Pushed in all directions, this walt was a stormy unlit night when Reginald O'Cahan did eventually come to the castle to rescue his love. With the wind whistling through the battlements of Dunluce Castle and beating against

the thick stone walls the couple secretly fled the fortress. Into the cold night air they descended to a large cave that opened in the rocks below Dunluce. Their spirits high the two lovers set out in a small boat to cross the turbulent seas towards the seaside settlement of Portrush in County Antrim. Fighting against the white topped waves the small boat was tossed mercilessly by the cruel sea. y and then that, the little vessel eventually succumbed and wasthrown against the rocks. Maeve Roe and Reginald O'Cahan clung together as they sank down into the cold salty depths. Lord Have Mercy.

THE SLEEP-SONG OF GRAINNEOVER DERMUID When fleeing from Fionn
From the " Poem-book of Fionn." Sleep a little, a little little, thou needest
feel no fear or dread, Youth to whom my love is given, I am watching near
thy head. Sleep a little, with my blessing, Dermuid of the light- some eye, I
wiU guard thee as thou dreamest, none shall harmwhile I am by. Sleep, O
little lamb, whose homeland was the country of the lakes. In whose bosom
torrents tremble, from whose sides the river breaks. Sleep as slept the
ancient poet, Dedach, minstrel of the South, When he snatched from Conall
Cernach Eithne of the laughing mouth.

Sleep as slept the comely Finncha 'neath the falls of Assaroe, Who, when
stately Slaine sought him, laid the Hardhead Failbe low. Sleep in joy, as
slept fair Aine, Gailan's daughter of the west, Where, amid the flaming
torches, she and Duvach found their rest. Sleep as Degha, who in triumph,
ere the sun sank o'er the land. Stole the maiden he had craved for, plucked
her from fierce Deacall's hand. Fold of Valour, sleep a little. Glory of the
Western world ; I am wondering at thy beauty, marvelling how thy locks are
curled. Like the parting of two children, bred together in one home. Like
the breaking of two spirits, if I did not see you come. Swirl the leaves
before the tempest, moans the nightwind o'er the lea, Down its stony bed

the streamlet hurries onward to the sea.

In the swaying boughs the linnet twitters in the darkling light, On the
upland wastes of heather wings the grouse its heavy flight.

In the marshland by the river sulks the otter in his den; While the piping of
the peewee sounds across the distant fen. On the stormy mere the wild-
duck pushes outward from the brake, With her downy brood beside her
seeks the centre of the lake. In the east the restless roe-deer bellows to his
frightened hind On thy track the wolf-hounds gather, sniffing up against
the wind. Yet, O Dermuid, sleep a little, this one night our fear hath fled.
Youth to whom my love is given, see, I watch beside thy bed.

Poem Book of the Gael, Eleanor Hull

Pregnancies

Compert Conchobair or Conception of Conchobar 'Neissi daughter of Echu
Yellow-heel was on her throne outside before Emain, and her royal maidens
around her. Cathbad the druid went past. He was from the Tratraige of Mag
Inis. Said the maiden to him : ' What is this present hour good . for ? ' saith
she. ' It is good' saith he, ' to beget a [chief] upon a Banríon.' The Banríon
asked whether it were true. The druid swore by the gods, it was true ; the
son that would be made at that hour (his name) would live in Ireland till
Doom. Then the maiden invited him to her, as she saw no (other) male hear
her. The woman became pregnant.

Wooings

Helen of Troy is a classic wooing story from Homer. Ruth and Boaz.

Tochmarc Étaíne ("The Wooing of Étaín")

] Tochmarc Luaine "The Wooing of Luan"

Tochmarc Etain: Wooing of Etain A be find in raga lim O fair-haired lady
come with me I tir n-ingnad hi fil rind Into a marvellous land of music Is

and nad bi mui na tai, There is neither mine nor thine gela det and, dubai
brai, white teeth there, black eyebrows; Is li sula lin ar sluag, A delight to
the eye is the crowd; no is brece is dath sion and cech gruad: every cheek
the colour of foxglove: cid cain deicsiu maigi Fail though pleasant the Fal
Plains annam iar gnais maige mair. after knowledge of the Great Plain. Cid
mesc lib coirm inse Fail, Though intoxicating the Isle of Destiny's ale,
is mescu coirm tire mair, intoxicating ale of a great country amra tire tir
asbiur, wonderland is the land I mention, ni theit oac and re siun. never
goes a young man before an old man. ...Srotha teith millsí tar tir, Sweet
warm streams flow through the land, rogu de mid ocus fin, choice mead
and wine; doini delgnaidí, cen on, matchless people without blemish,
combart cen pecead, cen col. conception without sin, without lust. Atchiam
cach for each leth, We see everyone on all sides
ocus ní-conn acci nech; and no one sees us; temel imorbais adaim it is the
darkness of Adam's trespass do-don-archeil ar araim that hides us from the
multitudes.

Pilgrimages

Immram Brain maic Febail ("The Voyage of Bran son of Febal"), Echtra

Cormaic maic Airt ("The Adventure of Cormac mac Airt")

Echtra Chon Roí

Echtra Condla

Echtrae Chormaic I Tir Tairngiri

I am Manannán mac Lir, chief of the Land of Promise; and to see the Land
of Promise was the reason I brought thee hither... The fountain which you
saw, with the five streams out of it, is the Fountain of Knowledge and the
streams are the five senses through which knowledge is obtained. And no
one will have knowledge who drinks not a draft out of the fountain itself
and out of the streams. The folk of many arts are those who drink of them
both.

from A Confluence of Wisdom: The Symbolism of Wells, Whirlpools,
Waterfalls and Rivers in Early Celtic Sources Sharon Paice MacLeod
Proceedings of the Harvard Celtic Colloquium Vol. 26/27 (2006/2007), pp.
337-355

...A legendary account of Niall's birth and early life is given in the
possibly 11th century tale *Echtra mac nEchach Muimedóin* ("The adventure of
the sons of Eochaid Mugmedón"). In it, Eochaid Mugmedón, the High chief
of Ireland, has five sons, four, Bríón, Ailill, Fiachrae and Fergus, by his first
wife Mongfind, sister of the chief of Munster, Crimthann mac Fidaig, and a
fifth, Niall, by his second wife Cairenn Chasdub, daughter of Sachell Balb,
chief of the Saxons. While Cairenn is pregnant with Niall, the jealous
Mongfind forces her to do heavy work, hoping to make her miscarry. She
gives birth as she is drawing water, but out of fear of Mongfind, she leaves
the child on the ground, exposed to the birds. The baby is rescued and
brought up by a poet called Torna. When Niall grows up he returns to Tara
and rescues his mother from her labour... wikipedia

Be kind with the wretched, but dark and dour to your enemy. — (U.) This
seems an adaptation of the grand heroic Fenian rule — *Taise le truagh agus
troid le trean* : " Be kind to the wretched, but fight with the strong." See
Eachtra Lomnochtain.

This Bodagh who was the wizard chief of the Island, according to Manx
tradition, lived somewhere in the North of the Island. He went to live in
Ireland after it is told 'he rolled into the sea at Jurby Point'. Mannanan Beg
Alas Leir (Manannan Mac Lir) was his name in the Island, but he gave
himself the name of "Boddagh yn cooit laatchagh" when he decided to run
a race against Iron Bones in Ireland." Finbarr O'Regan

Fionn McCool at the meridian hour of this very day the great Ironbones, the

son of the King of Thessaly, landed at the harbour of Bineadar, with the view of taking the crown and sovereignty of Ireland into his own hands; and if he does not obtain them with the free and goodwill of the Irish, he threatens to distribute death and destruction impartially among the young and old of our heroes

An Bodach never mind, Finn Mac Cumhaill, let not your spirits be cast down, for I will take it on myself to deliver you from the danger that presses on you."

Fionn " What is your name?" demanded Finn. " An Bodach Bodach-an-Chota-Lachtna ," the giant answered. THE CHURL IN THE GREY COAT, From the Irish, James Clarence Mangan translation, edited DJ Ó Donoghue

Is maol guatha gan bráthair 's is mairg bhíonn gan dearbhráthair i n-am tagartha an ghlóir mhir is mall agartha an éinfhir 'Bare is the shoulder without a cousin near and woe to him that wants a brother dear In time of boastful words the hand is slow That strikes in battle with a single blow'

Violent Deaths

Markers in history, often, marking power shifts. Also, show up in elegy forms, minstrel songs, an scéal.

DONAL O'KEEFFE'S LAMENT. Air —" She's a dear Maid to roe." My name is Donal Dhu — an outlaw bold and true, I ranged the country through, from Saxon bondage free, Till I loved a maiden fair, with her glossy, curling hair, But she sunk me in despair — she's a dear maid to me !

My sires were princes grand, within old Ireland's land With many a knightly band they held their castles free, Till the Saxon with them strove — an

outlaw now I rove, Lamenting my false love — she's a dear maid to me !

Pier brow like wintry snows, her cheeks were like the rose That nigh
Blackwater blows when summer decks the tree; Her dark eyes glittered
bright, full, full of love's delight, —They haunt me day and night — she's a
dear maid to me !

With gems of costly sheen I decked my mountain queen, And glorious was
her mien of beauty fresh and free; Her step was like the fawn on Araglin's
wild lawn, Her smile was like the dawn — she's a dear maid to me !

Margaret Kelly was her name, and burning was the flame That o'er our
bosoms came when we first loved trustingly; But her love grew false and
cold, and her outlaw's life she sold For the Saxon's worthless gold — she's a
dear maid to me !

O ! woeful was the hour that revenge o'er me had power To slay my
beauteous flower, when I knew her perfidy —I drew my skian unblest,
and with rage and grief possessed, I plunged it in her breast — she's a dear
maid to me !

And now I've 'scaped the chain, and now I'm free again, On many a battle
plain I will let the Saxons see

What their traitor wiles shall prove, though an outlaw still I rove, Lamenting
my false love — she's a dear maid to me ! From Ballads of Irish Chivalry,
translated by Robert Ó Dwyer Ó Joyce Boston, Donahoe, 1872

Newmarket Community Development Association Facebook Page 7
Samhain 2013 Have you ever heard of the Mount Keefe Chalice?

"Apparently one of the branches of the O'Keeffe's presented a chalice to the clergy of Newmarket in the Middle ages. Then, during one of the most violent periods of the Penal Days a certain priest, while celebrating Mass in a lonely glen some few miles north of Newmarket town, was bayoneted to death by Redcoat Soldiers while mass was in progress.

He had been using the O'Keeffe Chalice (1590). This older Chalice and other items were looted by the soldiers and local tradition has it, that a tree, bearing a resemblance to the Elevation of the Host, grew in its branches on the spot where the holy priest was murdered"

<https://www.facebook.com/NewmarketTown>

Catha

DANES. On this occasion also, tilts and tournaments were introduced, as much for joy as for the exercise of the troops in the art of war. Yet peace reigned over the land, with the exception of some trifling skirmishes with the Danes of Dublin, Cork and Limerick, who about this time were acquiring strength and confidence in the country, together with knowledge of military affairs. They devoted much of their time to commerce, walling in their seaport towns, making incursions into the country and taking possession of the ancient Irish entrenchments, in which experienced soldier formed garrisons, who maintained themselves in them against the efforts of the inhabitants.

When closely besieged in any of these forts, which were great mounds of earth and stones, enclosing a small area of half-an-acre – sometimes more, and generally much less- they excavated a passage and escaped to the next fort at night, and returned the following morning with reinforcements. In this manner, and well disciplined, they oppressed the natives when least on their guard – when perhaps pillaging and evacuated encampment of the

Danes, it was by stratagems of this sort that these northern and plundering invaders conquered all England and a good part of Ireland, and also retained their possession for so long a time.

On this account, Caomh and the other powerful chiefs were on the alert, and watched the motions of these plunderers, who through courtesy and the advantage of commerce to the country were hitherto permitted in the seaports; but at this time there was a strong jealousy conceived against them for their rapine and cruelty to the natives where they could act with impunity, and before many months passed over they broke into an open rebellion, the principal cause of which is related as follows :-

CEALLACAN AND THE DANES. Ceallacan, king of Munster, became acquainted with the king of Norway's beautiful daughter, called ***Beavina**** who resided in Dublin with her brother Sitric's court, and who, in token of peace and friendship, but treacherously, invited Ceallacan to espouse her. The king of Munster, with all the joy and happiness of a bridegroom, proceeded to Dublin (or, as it was then called at that Dublin) with a slight retinue of romantic and valiant young chiefs, who, like himself, were full of the thoughts of enjoying Danish beauties. Ceallacan no sooner arrived in the vicinity of the city than he was convinced of the treachery of the Dane, but before he could retreat was arrested, and all his noble and brave companions cut to pieces with the exception of one, who brought the disastrous account to Munster.

This news was no sooner made known but the only person who escaped the slaughter than it aroused the people from the lethargy, who at once assembled their forces, and unanimously elected O'Keeffe to command them. They also entrusted their fleet to Failhe Fionn, who was then the hereditary admiral of Munster, and who, in consequence of residing on the

western coast of Corcaidhivine, was more accustomed to naval life.

Corcaidhivine, a wold district, together with Jobhrahac, the most westerly part of Europe, was the patrimony of Failbhe [McCarthy].

The army under O'Keeffe marched with the utmost speed to Dublin, where they discovered that Sitric had his headquarters in (**Dunbealgam**) Dundalk, and where his fleet was also moored, with Ceallacan on board the commander's ship in close confinement, and ready to sail with him to Denmark the first fair wind. O'Keeffe no sooner arrived there than Failbhe was discovered entering the harbour in good order and with a fair breeze, and at once commenced a furious engagement with Sitric, and under great disadvantage, as O'Keeffe through want of boats could not for a long time afford much assistance. However, from their perseverance and great bravery not a Danish ship escaped. Ceallacan was released, and the enemy terribly slaughtered.

After this decisive victory Caoimh returned to Munster with his victorious army, and the princess, with the ladies of the court, together with a vast concourse of the inhabitants, advanced far to meet them, showing unfeigned joy on this happy occasion. The mercenaries received their reward, and the army was disbanded to return to their respective districts....

Heaven is sometimes slow but always certain to punish crimes and disorders, with vengeance against all who contemn its decrees, sooner or later. Clíodhna1897

...slum existence did not always drive men to drink. Rather, it was often their jobs — not because they were alienated from their work (although this undoubtedly was the case), but because the rules of their various occupations required hard drinking. In his 1839 masterpiece of sociological

analysis, A Philosophy of Artificial and Compulsory Drinking Usages in Great Britain and Ireland, John Dunlop documented over 300 drinking usages in 98 different occupations.

Richard Stivers, *The Hair of the Dog: Irish Drinking and American Stereotype*, University Park : Pennsylvania State University Press, 1976

In 1776, the English traveller Arthur Young, had observed: "A landlord in Ireland can scarcely invent an order, which a servant, labourer or cottier dare refuse to execute. Nothing satisfied him but an unlimited submission. Disrespect or anything tending towards sauciness he may punish with his cane or his horsewhip with the most perfect security; a poor man would have his bones broke if he offered to lift his hand in his own defence... Landlords of consequence have assured me, that many of their cotters would think themselves honoured by having their wives or daughters sent for to the bed of their master; a mark of slavery that proves the oppression under which such people must live.

Between 1728 and 1845 the colonial landlord system in Ireland had produced twenty-eight artificial famines in which millions of Irish men, women and children had suffered death while their landlords sent off rich harvests and herds to the English markets... "

from Ireland's forgotten 'Rockite' rebellion Peter Berresford Ellis
irishdemocrat.co.uk

The British had long sought to prevent the Gaelicization of English settlers and to facilitate colonial rule of the "primitive" Irish by requiring use of English. In 1367 the Statutes of Kilkenny barred Gaelic speech from "the Pale" and courts of law. When in 1800 the empire officially subsumed Ireland into its "United Kingdom," as Dean identifies, the "long disputed colony" became "integral to the imperial power. and yet remained a

problematic element within it. The inauguration of an Irish national school system in 1833, the year in which *Translations* is set, can therefore be seen to perpetuate a longstanding tradition of cultural suppression in Ireland. Sarah E. Wheaton Colby Quarterly, Volume 37, no.3, September 2001, p.236-246

The power of the chiefs was broken...and the clan lands were settled by foreigners. The old Gaelic customs and traditions which had been in use from 'time out of mind' had been pushed aside, and the persecution of the [Aboriginal Irish Catholic] population was unremitting...
<http://okeeffeclans.com/okeeffefamilies.html>

Introduction to Sermons in Irish-Gaelic by the Most Reverend James Ó Gallagher, Bishop of Raphoe by the Rev. Canon Ulick J. Bourke, MRIA, president of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam. [A]....powerful element, at once of enterprise and hostility, was excited anew in the breast of every Briton, namely, love of [sordid] gain—love of acquiring new lands and increased territorial possessions, together with an ill-regulated desire for power, for plunder, and self-indulgence. Ireland, so long, secure from the attacks of the legions of Imperial Rome...now quite near to Britain, was no longer secure from aggression. This island was a territory in which at that time religious hate, love of land and uncontrolled power could be satisfied to the fullest extent by those who sought a field to exercise these favorite failings.

Under the influence of a hostile spirit, rendered delirious by religious mania, and insensible to every emotion that ennobles human nature, the Penal Laws, during the reigns of Henry VIII, Elizabeth, James I, Charles, Cromwell, and Anne, were enacted. In the same demonic spirit, as Mr.

Froude shows (History of England vol. c., p 509) were carried on the wars which devastated [Deas Mhumhain] and the principalities of Ó Neill and Ó Donnell, the territories of Ó Rourke, MacGuire, MacMahon, and Ó Dogherty.

The...Penal Laws uprooted and almost complete destroyed Catholicism in England ; it ruined, exiled or destroyed the Catholics of the Pale—the English settlement in [Occupied] Ireland [see 'The Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers, Related by Themselves,' edited by John Morris, priest of the Society of Jesus—London, Burns, and Oates. 'Sufferings of the Irish Catholics', by the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory]...

[After the Flight of the Earls] The former state of things was completely changed. The territorial possessions were confiscated, the people's religion proscribed, the bishops banished, priests persecuted, churches demolished, monasteries made desolate, the land taken from the native proprietors and sold to adventurers [Venture Capitalists] from London, or even from other parts of England and from Scotland—the creed of the conquerors imposed on the Catholics. The natives were told off to Connacht or to another [colony] more remote. Those who remained became hewers of wood and drawers of water.

As the early christians fled from Jerusalem to Pella before the armies of Vespasian and his son Titus, so the Catholics of Donegal fled from the towns and took refuge in the mountains and in the remote glenns of the hallowed country of Tyrconnell. At the hands of an infuriate and bigoted soldiery, wild with lawless desire of plunder and lucre, and maddened with a religious fanaticism [protestant dominionist fundamentalist zeal, Ideology, Nativism], the Catholic Kelts of the North received no quarter and obtained no mercyThe men who composed the Anglo-Irish Parliament

at Dublin were animated with a kindred spirit. It is painful to present such a picture as this of the state of [Occupied] Ireland at the time but it is true.

If to see it, and contemplate its horrors is painful, it must have been, in its reality, one of intense horror to those who endured its galling weight of woe. Facts must be recorded no matter how painful must be their recital.'

I am the Old Woman of Beare, An ever-new smock I used to wear : To-day
—such is my mean estate— I wear not even a cast-off smock. THE LAMENT
OF THE OLD WOMAN OF BEARE

La tragedia del batallón San Patricio

Carlota Jacomé fue la autora de este cantico, que fue poema y fue poesía.)"
Carlota Jacomé, will sing this song of my own inspiration, words and music,
concerning the Irish of the San Patricio Battalion. This song that I have
begun, I sing with emotion, it concerns the terrible tragedy of the San
Patricios Battalion. They were valiant men of pure heart, to defend their
rights and their people they joined the battalion, They took away their
means of living in Ireland, Because of that they had to leave, They came as
immigrants among the Americans they soon came to the Federal District of
Mexico along with a cause they had come to hate, They had many battles
because they were men of morals, one of those was in the city of
Monterrey, they excelled in all the battles they were part of, they had
another battle in the city of Saltillo,

Of the few that I know, that I have in my list, they fought again in the battle
of Buena Vista. when I start to think I bring it to mind and remember they
had another battle with the men of Santa Ana in the village of Cerro Gordo.
A date that will never be forgotten, I will always keep it in my mind the
tenth of September in the 19th century in the year of 47. They fought in

Churubusco also at Chapultepec with some Mexicans also at the square of San Ángel. Without cowardice, although they lost their lives, they fought with their skill, valor and bravery. In San Jacinto square there they were sacrificed, these Americans without conscience and without feeling they hung them, The pain goes right to my heart upon my soul, what bad luck these 50 immigrants had from the land of Ireland. We will always remember them and keep them in our history, we will never forget, that God may keep them with him in his glory.

"Since I am not educated I know nothing of geography, to my creator I recommend and I tell him with a guarantee, Carlota Jacomé was the author of this ditty, which is both a poem and poetry.

Captured by Charlie O'Brien while filming Saol John Riley, about thre Mexican national hero who led the batalion.

<https://ildaite.blogspot.com/2019/08/in-2009-while-filming-saol-john-riley.html?m=1>

Nic Meloney, Wolastoqew video journalist raised on Cape Breton Island in Nova Scotia/Mi'kma'ki CBC.com "Back when Cornwallis made the scalp proclamation, a scalp was worth 35 pounds sterling," she said. "A friend of mine did the math with inflation and it would be worth almost \$13,000 Cdn today."

Ballad of Crowfoot, Willie Dunn Mi'qmaq First Nation, An Cláirseach Ó Duinn. See the settlers in more numbers He takes whatever he encounters You've seen the [Lakota] all battered, beaten They're all in rags, they haven't eaten The Nez Perce' were much the same It seems like such a heartless game And it's eighteen hundred seventy-six And the enemy's full of those death-dealing tricks Today the treaty stands on the table Will you sign it? Are you able? It offers food and protection too Do you really think

they'll hold it true?

A Page Of History Séamus Costello Seems like every uprising was destined to fail, The Irish forces were crushed at the Battle of Kinsale, 1603; Hugh O' Neill signed the Treaty of Melifont, Brought an end to the Nine Year War that the rebels launched, These events laid down the plan that the devil wants, Now the British had some new lands to settle on, Our remaining leaders in exile; The Flight of The Earls, A tragic time that brought a new plight to our world, Under the rule of chief James & Charles the 1st, Life here quickly changed from Hard to worse, Look at what our people lost with the Penal Laws, Victims to a greed that was never seen before, Cruel deeds used to decimate our nation and culture, It was widespread with the Plantation of Ulster, Still the stronghold for some of the Gaelic Chieftains, Appalled at how our Motherland was raped and beaten, All the constant skirmishes had hate increasing, For the shameful reasons of these racist demons...

Fenian Proclamation 5 Márta 1867 Is iomaí athrú a chuireann lá Márta dhe "We have suffered centuries of outrage, enforced poverty, and bitter misery. Our rights and liberties have been trampled on by an alien aristocracy, who treating us as foes, usurped our lands, and drew away from our unfortunate country all material riches. The real owners of the soil were removed to make room for cattle... But we never lost the memory and hope of a national existence.

:"IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN: In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her...cherishing all of the children of the nation equally, and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien Government, which have divided a minority from the

majority in the past... ..We declare the right ... to be sovereign... The long usurpation of that right...has not extinguished that right...In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national...sovereignty... Proclamation of 1916

Water Disturbance

Siege of Knocklong must fit this description. The waters of Munster dried by Cormac mac Airt as he extorts and makes starvation and thirst war to keep up his Ard Rí standard of living. Folktales often remember solving the water problem as the key achievement of Mogh Ruith in that story, in spite of all the lovely poetics of the Bríocht explaining a sustainable sovereignty.

Duan Amhairghine Am gáeth tar na bhfarraige Am tuile os chinn maighe
Am dord na daíthbhe Am damh seacht mbeann Am drúchtín rotuí ó ngréin
Am an fráich torc Am seabhac a néad i n-aill Am ard filidheachta Am álainne
bhláithibh Am an t-eo fis Cía an crann agus an theine ag tuitim faire Cía an
dhíamhairina cloch neamh shnaidhite Am an ríain gach uile choirceoige Am
an theine far gach uile chnoic Am an sciath far gach uile chinn Am an
sleagh catha Am nóma tonnag sírthintaghaív Am úagh gach uile dhóich
dhíamaíní Cía fios aige conara na gréine agus linn na éisce Cía tionól na
rinn aige, ceangladh na farraige, cor i n-eagar na harda, na haibhne, na
túatha.

Powerful Spell of the Sea (Song of Amergin) I am the sea wind I am the
ocean wave I am the tides roaring I am the stag of the seven wild woods I
am the fierceness of beasts I am the hawk on the cliff, where my nest hides
And I am lord of all words I am the most radiant among flowers I am the
salmon's wisdom I am lightning, I am thunder I am the lord of trees I am
the queen of hives I am the shield over the head of the warrior The spear of
battle The Wave's eternal return The grave of every vain yearning And I
know the secret of the three moons and the sacred path My spell is the

spell of the sea, the mountains, the rivers, and the wild tribes
Gabriel Byrne translation.

Already in the not so deep places of our minds there is no boundary
between us and the stag of seven fights, between us and the hawk. A little
deeper and there is no boundary between us and the salmon. Deeper still
and there is no boundary between us and the wind, between us and the
wave. — John Moriarty, Invoking Ireland

“Well, Well, Well,” Danny O’Keefe/Bob Dylan Until you’ve paid the price
you can’t know what it’s worth The air and water, the fire and earth Dig a
hole in the ground straight down to hell Till there ain’t no more water in
the well, well, well When you’re down on your knees with nothing left to
sell Try diggin a little deeper in the well well well

Residents have slammed plans to strip the loot claiming the Government is
'selling the State's silver' Irish Mirror By Saoirse McGarrigle, 8 DEC 2017

The Department of Energy and Natural Resources granted a licence to
MOAG Copper Gold Resources Inc to explore an area with a 45km radius.
They found 100 million tons of raw material and are now trying to put the
wheels in motion to begin extracting it. Ann Casey, 70, said it was “hell on
earth” while the test drilling was going on just 80 metres from her home at
Mace, near Carna.

...The Toronto-based company says on its website: “The results of that
program were extremely encouraging. These results suggest the Mace
prospect has the potential to host an economically viable deposit, subject
to environmental, planning and regulatory approvals.”

But Ann hopes they are stopped in their tracks. She claimed: "I was praying that they'd never come back. "We don't want this pollution to destroy the place.

"There used to be wildlife on the lake and they scared them all away. They were washing their machinery in the lake so there was chemicals going into the water." MOAG also said on its website that it "benefits from strong government support".

Lost Species of Ireland biodiversityireland.ie Great Auk [need Irish name]

The Great Auk (*Pinguinus impennis*) was a medium-sized, flightless bird, numbering in the millions, which once roamed the North Atlantic.

Flightlessness made it vulnerable to human exploitation and this occurred on a significant scale from the 8th century onwards. Its ease of capture and large numbers made it a convenient source of food for early explorers crossing the North Atlantic. The last birds were killed on the island of Eldey off the coast of Iceland in July 1844. Two Great Auks were captured by a fisherman off Brownstown Head, Co. Waterford in 1834, and one was held in captivity for a number of months, until it died. The animal was stuffed and the specimen now resides in the Zoology Museum of Trinity College Dublin, one of only 18 specimens that remain.

Mill Conditions taken from "The Case of the Cabot Mill" By David Vermette from primary source: Mr. A.G. Tenney, Brunswick [Maine] Telegraph, July 30, 1886 The houses are built in close contact; there are no yards; the sheds and privies are near by; the drainage – the sink spouts are running only a few feet or so outside of the houses where all dirty water is poured out – falling on the surface of the ground, some of which drains into the cellar and leaves one of the most prolific sources of disease. The houses have from two to three stories, some of which are divided into eight tenements;

the average number of people is about twelve in each tenement (96 to a house); the number of rooms in each is from five to seven; bedrooms are small, many of which have only one window where there are two beds. This will give you an idea of the amount of dirty water and slops that are poured out on the surface, close by the block – leaving the most offensive odor that can exist. These large blocks are accommodated with only four privies – giving about twenty five people for each privy – and those privies are cleaned only once a year, and this is done during this present hot weather of July. These places have overflowed since the month of May.

Freshwater Pearl Mussel The freshwater pearl mussel (*Margaritifera margaritifera*) is a long-lived bivalve mollusc found in clean, fast-flowing rivers. On average, freshwater pearl mussels live for at least 100 years, making them one of Ireland's longest living animals. Because of their complex life cycle they are extremely sensitive to pollution, particularly sedimentation of river channels, resulting in very few young reaching maturity in order to sustain healthy populations. As a result, 90% of the population has died out across Europe, and it is a Critically Endangered species in Ireland.

Migrations

The *Lebor Gabala Érin* shows flights from villifiers and returns back, over a very long timeframe. The notes the An Gorta Mór families took. The Flight of the Wild Geese.

From 1846 to 1854, more than one million Irish [refugees] found their way to America. Desperate poverty caused many of these refugees to crowd into tenements and "shanty towns" in the worst neighborhoods of Northern cities. Willing to accept poor wages and terrible working conditions, they soon drove blacks out of the most menial jobs available. By the 1850s, most common laborers, dock-workers, coachmen, draymen,

waiters, cooks, barbers and domestic servants in the North were Irish by birth or heritage. Elsewhere, Irish workers dominated canal and railroad construction, and poured into the mining industry. Their poverty alone might have made them outcasts, but the Catholic faith of the Irish also subjected them to the scorn of Protestant America. Anti-Catholicism had deep roots in the young nation's history. The earliest English settlers of North America had been steeped in a culture that was intolerant of Catholics. In the early 19th century, an organized "Protestant Crusade" of "No-Popery" began to take shape. The antebellum era was punctuated by fierce anti-Catholic riots, the notorious burning of a convent, and the founding of political parties dedicated to stemming the tide of Catholic immigration. Dread of a Papal conspiracy to undermine America, together with economic fears of wage competition from impoverished workers, stirred powerful emotions against the massive Irish immigration of the potato [genocide] years.

Political Factors The 1850s saw the rise of a national political movement that evolved into a "war against the immigrant." The new American Party, whose members became better known as the "Know-Nothings" for their standard answer to questions about the party's secret rituals, very nearly became the dominant force in U.S. politics by their appeals to fear and mistrust. Know-Nothings attacked the Irish for their poverty, [religion], ... politics, intemperance, criminality, devotion to Ireland, and attempts to sow discord between the United States and Britain. With a political tide rising for the abolition of slavery, the Know-Nothings eventually lost their clout, but never stopped distrusting and discriminating against the Irish. The Irish Experience in the [Settler Colonials of Turtle Island] Civil War 28thmass.org

Between 1750 and 1830, and particularly between 1793 and 1815, large numbers of Irish people, including many Irish speakers, emigrated to

Newfoundland, known colloquially simply as an tOileán "the Island". An account dating from 1776 describes how seasonal workers from Cork, Kerry, and elsewhere would come to Waterford to take passage to Newfoundland, taking with them all they needed....

Some Irish immigrants to Newfoundland moved on, and many others were part of an annual seasonal migration between Ireland and Newfoundland. Most landed in the Newfoundland ports of St. John's and Harbour Grace, and many moved on to smaller outports on the coast of the Avalon Peninsula. By the 1780s, the Irish had become the dominant ethnic group in and around the St. John's area, in a population of about 3,200. Many were engaged in fishing and had little formal education. Many were servants who came to Newfoundland alone, but others had families, in which the labour of women and children was essential. Most families had a small plot of land. By 1815 the Irish in Newfoundland numbered over 19,000. Emigration was encouraged by political discontent at home, overpopulation and impoverishment. It was also aided by the fact that legislation of 1803 designed to regulate conditions on British passenger vessels, making the passage too expensive for the poorest, such as the Irish, did not apply to Newfoundland, which was viewed as a fishery rather than a colony. wikipedia Irish language in Newfoundland

Lace curtain Irish and shanty Irish are terms that were commonly used in the 19th and 20th centuries to categorize Irish people, particularly Irish Americans, by social class. The "lace curtain Irish" were those who were well off, while the "shanty Irish" were the poor, who were presumed to live in shanties, or roughly-built cabins. Neither term was complimentary. Aside from financial status, the term "lace curtain Irish" connoted pretentiousness and social climbing, while the "shanty Irish" were stereotyped as feckless and ignorant. As lace curtains became commonplace in Irish-American

working-class homes, "lace curtain" was still used in a metaphorical, and often pejorative, sense. In the early 20th century, James Michael Curley, a famously populist Boston politician who was called "mayor of the poor", used the term "cut glass Irish" to mock the Irish-American middle class, but the term did not catch on. Irish Americans who prospered or married well could go from "shanty Irish" to "lace curtain Irish", and wealthy socialites could have shanty Irish roots. John F. Kennedy, for example, is considered "lace curtain" even though his great-grandparents were working-class Irish immigrants. The term "shanty" comes from the Irish sean-tíg (old house). Many poor Irish tenant farmers lived in one-room cabins.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lace_curtain_and_shanty_Irish

James Connolly: "During the closing years of the seventeenth century, all the eighteenth, and the greater part of the nineteenth, the Irish people were the lowest helots in Europe, socially and politically. The Irish peasant, reduced from the position of a free clansman owning his tribeland and controlling its administration in common with his fellows, was a mere tenant-at-will subject to eviction, dishonour and outrage at the hands of an irresponsible private proprietor. Politically he was non-existent, legally [s]he held no rights, intellectually he sank under the weight of his social abasement, and surrendered to the downward drag of his poverty. He had been conquered, and he suffered all the terrible consequences of defeat at the hands of a ruling class and nation who have always acted upon the old Roman maxim of 'Woe to the vanquished'."

Massacres

Infant heir of proud Fermoy, Fear not fields of slaughter; Storm and fire fear not, my boy, But shun the fatal water."

Dingle Massacre 1793

Discovering Kerry by T. J. Barrington page 234: "In Dingle there was a British army post. In the year 1793 there was a major agitation against excessive rent by tennants of the Mullins estate. At a big demonstration in Dingle in June, 1793, the soldiers, on Mullins orders, opened fire, killing fourteen and wounding many others." On a day in June, 1793, many people assembled in Dingle's main street in the belief that Tithes (a 10% annual tax to the Established Church) would be abolished locally. It was declared to be an illegal assembly. A contemporary account states that after John Griffin of Athacarrible, Kinard, fired at Captain Mullins (and missed), Capt. Mullins (son of the later Lord Ventry) directed the company of the 34th Foot Regiment to fire on the crowd. The following were the fatalities: John Griffin (above), Thomas Fitzgerald of Vicarstown, Dunquin, Thomas Kennedy of Ballyveheen, Maurin, Ballyferriter, John Baker of Cahirdorgan, Kilmalkeder, Ballyferriter, John Thomas of Gurrane, Richard Thomas of Kilquane, and Mrs. Gloster (formerly-Fitzgerald) of Glens, Dingle.

The Orange society was founded in "the most Protestant county in Ireland," where the Catholics were a minority of the population, and in a province, too, where, as the venerable Presbyterian historian, Hill, in his Plantation of Ulster, shows the Catholics had been robbed of every inch of the land that belonged to themselves and their fathers [same as Maori in New Zealand]. THE ORANGE SOCIETY reprinted from plates of the Tenth Australian Edition, 1897, RIGHT REV. H. W. CLEARY, BISHOP OF AUCKLAND, N.Z.

Mogh Ruith Eventually Fiacha Muilleathan, son of Eoghan Mor, assumed the kingship of the two Munsters and during his reign Cormac Ua Cuind, king of Ireland, came (from Tara) with a hosting into Munster, demanding tribute from the two provinces of Munster. Cormac besieged the Momonians at Druim Damhaire (Knocklong); this king wielded great power,

both by the vastness of his army and the power of his druids. Cormac had British druids weaving their spells against the Momonians, so that by necromancy they had dried up all the wells and rivers of Munster, so that the people and their lands were in danger of death from the want of water.

Then Fiacha Muilleathan sent for Mogh Ruith son of Fergus, the best druid to be found in Ireland. Mogh Ruith then lived in Oilen Dairbhre (Valentia Island) in his old age, blind and decrepit, as he had outlived nineteen kings of Ireland:- from the time of Roth mac Rioghuill (the druid who had trained Mogh Ruith in sorcery) to the time of Cairbre Lifechair son of Cormac mac Airt. Mogh Ruith then came to meet Fiacha Muilleathan and the Munster nobles and they complained about what the druids of Leath Cuinn (Northern half of Ireland) had done to them. he undertook to oppose their magic spells, and he chose the territory of Fir Mhwige (Fermoy) as his reward. Mogh Ruith then overcame the druidery of Cormac and they defeated Cormac's forces routing them from Knockling to Tara with a great massacre.

Massacre at Peskeompskut

Death came in the early morning hours on May 19, 1676. Hundreds of Native families were gathered under the Falls on the for the annual fish run. In May and June of each year, salmon, shad, eel, lamprey and herring made their journey upstream to spawn. The Connecticut River was thick with fish, making it an ideal time to gather food for the entire year. Annual corn fields were also growing nearby- come autumn, it would be picked and stored for the winter. And on this occasion, hungry Native refugees from war-torn Southern New England had also made their way to the Falls.

Both Native leaders and the English authorities were at rest from the conflicts of King Philip's War. Talks of peace had been ongoing for several

months. The weary Nipmuc, Narragansett, and Pocumtuc warriors that had accompanied the families to the Falls gathered in nearby, separate camps. Meanwhile, soldiers, residents and even the clergy occupying nearby Hadley, Massachusetts grew increasingly frustrated with the recent peace talks. Many were displaced from battles with Philip's men in Greenfield and Deerfield and wished to retaliate. After Native warriors raided nearby Hatfield and carried off cattle*217, Captain William Turner, commander of the Hadley garrison, decided to take action despite the instructions from his superiors. Turner led more than 150 men on the 25 mile ride from Hadley to (what is now the town of) Gill. They gathered on the hill above the camp containing the families there to gather fish. The soldiers rushed down the hill and slaughtered the elders, women and children still sleeping in the early morning light. The noise of the assault woke the Native warriors camped nearby. The warriors gave chase to the English soldiers fleeing downriver but killed relatively few. Captain Turner was among those that perished and as a reward for his role in the deaths of those families, the area is now known as Turners Falls. This one act was a turning point in King Philip's War. By August of 1676, Metacomet (King Philip) was dead. Fighting continued in Northern New England until 1678 but Metacomet's death effectively ended the war in southern New England. Native survivors who participated in the fighting were either executed or sold into slavery. Native families dispersed, some going north to shelter with tribes up there. Others returned to their homelands where their descendants still remain. I realize that this rendition of "The Battle of Great Falls" is a bit biased. But it is how I view the destruction of not only lives but an entire lifestyle. A way of life that had lasted for thousands of years before the coming of the English.

Cheryll Toney Holley, For All My Relations, 03 June 2015,

<http://forallmyrelations.blogspot.com/2015/06/battle-of-great-falls-or-massacre-at.html>

Vincent P. Carey in Irish Historical Studies Beltaine 1999: ...[It] was not until 1563 that a comprehensive settlement of [Laois and Offaly] took place. ...all the settlers, including the Gaelic Irish, were to adhere to a strict set of conditions which required them to use English language, dress and customs, and not to make use of the Gaelic brehon law system or to maintain Gaelic military men... ...the majority of the English grantees were in fact the very soldiers who had been serving in the area, and who had already acquired a reputation for brutality and greed amongst the native population. This brutality and greed was officially sanctioned, as Lord Deputy Sussex increasingly resorted to the use of martial law. This form of régime was cost-effective because the commissioners were licensed to collect the profits of their work.

Commissions of martial law 'legally' entitled the bearer to a third of the moveable goods and possessions of the dead 'traitors.' According to David Edwards¹¹, "this acted as an incentive to slaughter: the more 'suspected traitors' the commissioners killed, the more traitors' goods they and their followers received... John Derricke's "Image of Irelande", Sir Henry Sidney, and the Massacre at Mullaghmast, 1578, The Image of Irelande by John Derricke Review by: Vincent P. Carey, Irish Historical Studies, Vol. 31, No. 123 (May, 1999), pp. 305-327. From JSTOR.

" I am," answered the stranger, " Ironbones, the King of Thessaly; and so far as I have travelled on this globe, since the day that I left my own land, I have laid every country, peninsula, and island, under contribution to my sword and my arm: this I have done even to the present hour; and my desire is to obtain the crown and tribute of this country in like manner: for if I obtain them not, I purpose to bring slaughter of men and deficiency of

heroes and youthful warriors on the seven ordinary and seven extraordinary battalions of the Fenian host.... THE CHURL IN THE GREY COAT, From the Irish, James Clarence Mangan translation, edited DJ Ó Donoghue

Major Thefts

Costello, A Page of History

Stone Tales

Tale of Leather Bottle Leaba Cailleach and Cnoc Raffan Knockgrafton stories have same structural elements and are each about similar encounters at particular Bean Sí rocks. The Bean Sí in each place seemed happy to acknowledge our presence. Then the cow chased him down the hill.

Prayers

Christ is risen from the dead!

By death He conquered death

and to those in the graves He granted life!

-Byzantine Catholic Prayer for the home

Ye have nothing that is dearer than the love of God, if ye can achieve it, adoration of the Cloudy Chief : 'tis thence ye will not be mournful.... FÉLIRE OENGUSSO CÉLI DÉ. Translated by Whitley Stokes. Henry Bradshaw Society, London, 1905.

CERT CECH RIG CO RÉIL Give thanks to Dé; It is not too much, It is your duty, Offer [Dé] thanks for every benefit. Whether working person or resident alien, Honour every man as if he were a [chief] or a prince.

The Binding of St. Mugron The Cross of Críost with us In my good luck, in

my bad luck The Cross of Críost against every strife, Abroad or at home The Cross of Críost in the East with courage, The Cross of Críost in the West at sunset South, North, without any stay, The Cross of Críost without delay The Cross of Críost above towards the clear sky The Cross of Críost below towards earth There shall arrive no evil nor suffering to my body Nor to my anam The Cross of Críost at my sitting, The Cross of Críost at my lying The Cross of Críost all my strength, Til we reach the Chief of Heaven. Book of Armagh

beginning of St. Patricks Binding

I bind myself to-day to a strong virtue, An invocation of the precious and lifegiving Trinity. I believe in the Mystery of the Trinity with confession of an Oneness in the Creator of the universe. I bind myself to-day to the virtue of Críost's birth with his baptism by His cousin Nm. Eóin Báiste, to the virtue of His crucifixion with his burial, to the virtue of His resurrection with (his) ascension, to the virtue of His promised arrival to the Judgment of Doom.

Bishop Séamus Ó Gallagher said, 'St. Paul gave strict charge to his...disciple Timothy, to preach incessantly the word of God. Praedica verbum, insta opportune, importune.' 2 Timothy

Faeth Faeda

Críost liom /Kreest lyum/ Críost with me, Críost romham, /Kreest roh-um/
Críost before me, Críost i mo dhiaidh, /Kreest ih muh yee-eh/ Críost behind me
Críost istigh ionam /Kreest ih-shtih un-um/ Críost within me
Críost fúm, /Kreest foom/ Críost below me, Críost os mo chionn, /Kreest ohs muh khyun/
Críost above us, Críost ar mo lámh dheis, /Kreest air muh lawv yesh/
Críost on my right hand,

Críost ar mo lámh chlé, /Kreest air muh lawv khlay/ Críost on my left hand

Críost i mo luí dom, /Kreest ih muh lee dum/ Críost in my sleeping, Críost i
mo sheasamh dom, /Kreest ih muh hyas-uv dum/ Críost in my waking,
Críost i gcroí gach duine atá ag cuimhneamh orm, /Kreest ih gree gokh din-
eh a-taw egg kwiv-noo ur-um/ Críost in the heart of all who think of me,

Críost i mbéal gach duine a labhraíonn liom, /Kreest ih mayl gokh din-eh ah
l-ow-reen lyum/ Críost in the mouth of all who speak to me, Críost i ngach
súil a fhéachann orm, /Kreest ih ngokh sool ah ay-khun ur-um/ Críost in
every eye that looks at me, Críost i ngach cluas a éisteann liom. /Kreest ih
ngokh clo-uss ah aysh-ten lyum/ Críost in every ear that listens to me
Síobhán, Bitesize Irish Gaelic

The Second Healing Prayer in the Stowe Missal Benaím galar, Benaím
crecht, Suidim att, Fris-benaím galar, Ar choin gaibes, Ar dhelg goines, Ar
iarn benas. [I strike a disease, I strike a wounding, I halt a swelling, I
heal/strike against a disease. Against the hound which seizes. Against the
thorn which pierces. Against the iron which strikes.]

Prayer for the Intercession of St. Gobnata Go mbeannaí Dia dhuit, a
Ghobnait Naofa, Go mbeannaí Muire faoi mar a bheannaím féin dhuit. Is
chughatsa a thána ag gearán mo scéal leat, Go dtabharfá leigheas i
gcuntais Dé dom.

From a " Fragment " preserved in the Codex Salmanticensis : "Who can
describe the virtues of St. Brendan—his humility agus meekness ; his charity
agus tender compassion ; his patience agus gentleness ; his fasting agus
abstinence ; his constant faithfulness in prayer? Because he had perfectly
fulfilled all the Commandments of Críost, agus had faithfully practised all
those virtues agus many others of a like nature, the Blessed Brendan, in a
good old age, among choirs of angels, with great joy agus triumph, amid

gleaming lights agus choral psalmody, departed unto the Lord, to whom be all honour agus glory for ever agus ever ! Amen." 1895 Brendaniana

Tonfeid, a Críost, arrive muir i cuaird bethad brigadbuil. Guide us, Ah Críost, that rulest the sea Around the mighty vast world.

Coiglim an tine seo mar choigleann Críost cáidh; Muire ar mhullach an tí, agus Bríd ina lár; An tochtar ainglí is tréine i gCathair na nGrás Ag cumhdach an ti seo 's a mhuintir thabhairt slán. I save this fire, as noble Críost saves; Maigde Mhuire on the top of the house agus St. Brigid in its centre; the eight strongest angels in Heaven Preserving this house agus keeping its people safe.

An Old Irish Prayer for Long Life I. I invoke the seven daughters of the Sea who fashion the threads of the sons of long life : May three deaths be taken from me ! May three periods of age be granted to me ! May seven waves of good fortune be dealt to me ! Phantoms shall not harm me on my journey in flashing corslet without hindrance ! My fame shall not perish ! Let old age come to me ! death shall not come to me till I am old ! II. I invoke my Silver-champion who has not died, who will not die : May a time be granted to me of the quality' of white bronze ! May my double be slain ! May my right be maintained ! May my strength be increased ! My grave shall not be ready ! Death shall not come to me on an expedition ! May my journey be carried out ! The headless adder shall not seize me, nor the hard-grey worm, nor the headless black chafer ! Neither thief shall harm me, nor a band of women, nor a band of armed men. Let increase of time come to me from the chief of the Universe !

III. I invoke Senach of the seven periods of time, whom fairy women have reared on the breasts of plenty : May my seven candles not be extinguished I am an indestructible stronghold, I am an unshaken rock, I am a precious stone, I am the luck of the week. May I live a hundred times a hundred years, each hundred of them apart ! I summon their boons to me. May the grace of the Holy Spirit be upon me ! Domini est salus (three times), Christi est salus (three times). Super populum tuum, Domine, benedictio tua.
KUNO MEYER, 1914 Berlin

Genealogy

A Genealogical Poem composed for the O'Keeffes by Tadg, son of Daire Mac Bruodin, Historiographer and poet to the Dalcassians : translated by Michael Longan. I The reigning house is the family of O'Keeffe, Strong Dragons of many and great riches; Men of great judgement from the green plains of Lir, The mighty defenders of Cashel. II A conquering party that committed no mean action, Natives that were of late exiled; By those oppressions that afflict the land of Breagh, Which cause them not to enjoy the inheritance of their fathers. III Many of the blood of O'Keeffe above others, That spent the most of their time, As lords and possessors of great Munster, Enjoying and spreading the fruits of their conquests.

IV I recount down from Nadfraoch, Thirteen men of the wise and learned party; That gained, without coming to battle, The first sovereignty of the Province. V Their names, if you wish to know, And the number of years each man reigned, I shall disclose the same with truth, As it is in the Royal line. VI Angus of the brave achievements spent Six and thirty years in that office; A lord without blemish in the chair of Corc, It was no shame to allow him the enjoyment.

VII Thirty years, nothing less, Eochy, the son of Angus, did spend, 2013 by the will and approbation of all, In the same Court without controversy. VIII Twenty years Criomthan was king, Over the green turf of Munster: Full of desire to watch for its welfare, Here, in the chief town of Patrick (i.e. Cashel).

IX Cairbre Crom, son of the mild Criomhthan, Thirty years was the period he enjoyed The sovereignty of Mac Con's Munster Without the inroads of plundering strangers. X The strong Fergus, their chief buckler, Their famous and renowned peace-preserver, His great goodness and munificence were boundless; Twelve years only was his reign. XI Felim, son of Cairbre Crom, Over them as a round ditch; Five years and ten was the time That he had borne the sceptre.

XII The noble Cathal, son of Hugh, The lord of pious practice, During the space of ten years He wore the crown in Cashel. XIII Three years, without any vexation, Cugan-Mathair, son of Cathal; He well preserved their spoils, The majestic lord of the Momonians. XIV The son of Cugan-Mathair, The brace Finghin uncontrouled: No ruling parties dared him approach; Eight years and ten was his reign.

XV Princely Cathal, son of Finghin, Obtained from God for his good conduct, A long and peaceable reign Of thirty years and one. XVI Fair Artri, son of Cathal the brave, Twenty happy long years he reigned; Faultless was the good man's fame, As King of Clar Cashel (i.e. the table-land of Cashel). XVII Thirty years in possession, Was Ceanfaolu, son of Mochtigearn; Without a dismal story and blemish, Till he was bound by death.

XVIII Son of Gorman, the munificent Fionghin, Sixteen years in good

repute; No evil doer in the island, During his blessed and happy reign. XIX
Notwithstanding his wars with others, There did not fail, through an
uncommon story, On the green drop table* by wounds But bold Angus
alone. (The table-land of Cashel of crystal dew-drops) XX Caemh (Keeffe)
from whom the sept is named, Donogh that headed the troops, Equal to a
king each man of them, Their goodness all was genuine.

XXI The son of fair and noble Eoghan, Conor, the brave lord, Though not
mentioned in the roll, He well deserved to be elected.

XXII By the oppression of the barbarous Danes, And the premature death of
those brave heroes Sorely afflicting the country of Breagh The glory of this
house was brought low. XXIII If the sons of Heber had not lost The
sovereignty of the famous Cashel, The family of O'Keeffe would not rest
Without claiming its undoubted right. XXIV Full of happiness without strife,
Many a pleasant day they enjoyed; Twas no wonder for them to struggle
for the Chair of Corc In more prosperous times.

XXV In prosperous times they had been Overtaken by hard Fortune,
Wearied from too much fighting, And from the oppression of the sons of
Lochlin. XXVI For some time until the coming of the English, In spite of
Danish multitudes, They stood out until then, On the green soft sod of
Cashel. XXVII Many foreigners, many griefs, Great were the hurts and heavy
the afflictions, The many and successive battles They suffered on that
account from time to time.

XXVIII The possession of the sovereignty of Keeffe, Tho' they are entirely
deprived of it Suppose they declined asserting their right, They are
considered as noble lords.

XXIX Arthur, son of Arthur O'Keeffe, Although not sitting in his Chair, The man is worthy of that position, He is the true end of this root.

XXX It is he, without turning back, I compare with the son of Angus, Coming in for his inheritance, The true heir of the family. XXXI To us it is well known, That one and eight and twenty men Are just the number of generations We count from him to Angus. XXXII There came not one before him, Of the noble root of Keeffe, That he would not imitate in worthy deeds, And in governing the fort of Criomhthan.

XXXIII Though his strong arm cannot regain His long-lost right from others, He is in every respect The true representative of the family. XXXIV If Arthur was there in their time, He would be considered their equal; He would be a much beloved by his subjects, Prosperous and happy would be his reign. XXXV That he cannot follow their steps, The sons of Keeffe, patrons of clerics; And his will not being his own, There is in him but that one fault.

XXXVI I defy his enemies to allege, Or his friends to ascertain, That he ever refused or requested O'Keeffe seeks not for the protection of men.

XXXVII It is not the reign of his branchy sept, That saves him from any blemish, From himself Arthur is best, Though strong his root is the kingdom. XXXVIII But for the oppression of his blood, And the heavy hand of his adversaries, If every branch of the sept were to be examined, He would be reckoned one of their noblest. XXXIX What ennobles Arthur, son of Art, Are, magnanimity, bravery, his defence of the sept; Earning fame for his posterity, And the pure and untainted blood of his ancestors.

XL It is not one book that mentions his name, Nor one party of our learned poets; Without partiality or flattery, He is praised by a goodly number. XLI

The many voices of the wise and learned, And of writers on every subject,
Are ever singing Arthur's praises, A man of jewels, rich and happy. XLII
Revenues that are not to be put down in flight, The beloved of the house of
Patrick, Troops of heroes that received no blame, A party that warmed
the place.

Irish Family History, Being an Historical and Genealogical Account of The
Gaedhals, From the Earliest Period to the Present Time by Richard F.
Cronnelly (Irish Constabulary Force) Dublin, 1865, Vol 1

Keening

from THE KEEN OF MARY. Short Connacht Version. [note in text: Connacht
Passion Keening 38, (short version) taken down by Pádraig Pearse, Antoine
O'Dochartaigh ,N.T., Falcarragh, Donegal supplied the refrain]. Dánta Dé,
Úna Ní Ógáin, 1928

"Do you not know your Son, O Mother ? "And is that the little Son that I
bore three seasons ? "And is that the little Son Who was born in the stable ?
' 'And is that the little Son Who was nursed in Mary's bosom ? "And is that
the hammer that drove the nails through Thee ? ' 'And is that the thorny
crown that was upon Thy beauteous brows ? " "And is that the spear to go
through Thy fair Side ? " "Hush, O Mother, and be not sorrowful The
women for My keening are yet to be born ! "

from Note by Patrick Pearse on " The Keening of Mary ": I heard the "
Keening of Mary " from a woman of Moycullen in IarConnacht. Her own
name was Mary Clancy, and she was married to one of the Keadys... It is a
very precious thing for the world that in the homes of Ireland there are still
men and women who can shed tears for the sorrows of Christ and His

Mother.

When we mock the expression of human feeling. When we scoff at the sound of our children's keening. There is a mirror into which we are not looking

THE IRISH TIMES Thursday, June 10, 1993. My name is Sinéad O'Connor.

A Caoine Bold and silent is now thy response, Damp falls the dew of heaven; Yet the sun shall bring joy and the mists of the night shall pass away before his beam, But thy breast shall not again vibrate with the pulse of life, Nor shall thou wander more on thy native mountains amid the scenes of thy friendships, Where first were awakened thy friendships Where first thou smiled in the playfulness of infancy Bold and silent is now thy repose.

<https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/5009061/4982361/5120863>

from 'Keening the Nation: The Bean Chaointe, the Sean Bhean Bhocht, and Women's Lament in Irish Nationalist Narrative' Kathryn Conrad, The University of Kansas ...Keening, a form of ritualized lament practised in Irish speaking communities, has evoked both fascination and disdain from individuals outside those communities since the twelfth century (Lysaght, 1997), and drew the wrath of the Catholic Church from at least the seventeenth (Ó Súilleabháin, 1967: 138-43). In popular usage outside of the communities in which it was practised, 'keening' has tended to be synonymous with loud, mournful wailing. Although this was certainly part of the practice, the plaintive, drone-like chant of mourners took place at the end of a verse of 'partly extempore, partly prepared' poetry, usually delivered by the primary keening woman; as Breandán Ó Madagáin notes, the terms for the cry (gol or gáir) and the verses of the keen itself have tended to be interchangeable (312-13). Lending to the confusion about

what actually constitutes a keen is the fact that the keen is not the only form of lament poetry in Irish.

According to Ó Madagáin, the vocal music of lament in Irish takes four forms: the keen (*caoineadh*), the learned bardic elegy (*marbhna*) in syllabic metres, the later *marbhna* in stressed metre (a revival of the classic *marbhna* form), and the death song in remembrance of some 'dramatic tragedy' (311). Folklore collectors such as Thomas Crofton Croker, however, were not always so precise in their descriptions, tending to conflate the various forms when recounting them, perhaps because of their lack of fluency in the Irish language. As a result, several collected 'keens' are more likely to have been, in the strictest sense, instances of *marbhna* or death songs, composed often by men.

But the keen was performed primarily by women. Angela Bourke has suggested that the keening woman served as a kind of 'psychopomp who presides over the transition in which the whole community finds itself' (1988: 11). She had, at least during the time between death and burial, licence not only to grieve unreservedly but also to express criticism (Bourke, 1993: 161-75). In the keen, she could articulate the wrongs perpetuated against herself, her community, and/or the dead whom she keened, focusing criticism on anyone who deserved censure, from other keening women to the dead being mourned to the colonial power structure or the clergy.

This licence was allowed in part because the women acted out their grief as if mad: the keening woman often describes herself as dishevelled, often speaks of drinking the blood of the dead and rending her garments, and cares for nothing but the dead whom she keens (Bourke, 1980: 29-35; Bourke, 1993:165- 6)....

...The paying of keening women seems to have struck many observers, from at least the seventeenth century on, as inappropriate, and the grief thereby expressed as inauthentic (Bourke, 1988: 11); even Ó Madagáin 38 refers in passing to professionalism as a form of 'abuse' (312).

...As several scholars have noted, the practice of keening was actively discouraged by parish priests, pursuant to post-Reformation Church legislation (Lysaght; Ó Súilleabháin). The means by which priests dissuaded keening women seems to have been wide, ranging from arguments to spiritual punishments, such as exclusion from Mass and sacraments and even excommunication for repeat 'offenders' (Ó Súilleabháin, 139) to corporeal punishments, as in the story reported by Ó Súilleabháin in which the parish priest attacked three keening women with a whip as they keened the dead on the way to the graveyard (143)...

...[T]here is a story that he [Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin] told, and he referred to it in a poem, about when somebody had died, the son of one of the O'Donoghues of Máire Ní Dhuibh – the son of Máire Ní Dhuibh died – and a family member, who wasn't Irish, came and knelt by the coffin and just blessed herself, and then the others, you know the woman whose son had died, she screamed at her and said, "Do you not know you should come in and caoin over the corpse? You shouldn't just come in and be like that. Do you not feel any sorrow or any sense of loss for us?" — Bertha McCullagh Sliabh Luachra Lectures. Ballydesmond, Sliabh Luachra, Ireland Friday August 1, 2014, Lecture 3, Speaker: Bertha McCullagh, The Poetry of Sliabh Luachra

LAMENT OF O'GNIVE translated by JJ Callanan (Fearflatha O'Gniamh [True Prince, Child of the Chief Poet] was family ollamh, or Bard, to the O'Neill of Clanoboy about the year 1556. The Poem, of which the following lines are

the translation, commences with " Ma thruagh mar ataid' Goadhil.") How dimm'd is the glory that circled the Gael, And fallen the people of green Innisfail! The Sword of the Saxon is red with their gore, And the mighty of nations is mighty no more. Like a hark on the ocean long shatter'd and tost, On the land of your fathers at length you are lost, The hand of the spoiler is stretched on your plains, And you're doomed from your cradles to bondage and chains. O'Neill of the Hostages; Conn, whose high name On a hundred red battles has floated to fame, Let the long grass still sigh undisturbed o'er thy sleep; Arise not to shame us, awake not to weep!

O bondsmen of Egypt, no Moses appears To light your dark steps thro' this desert of tears, Degraded and lost ones, no Hector is nigh, To lead you to freedom, or teach you to die!

[S]he went home, &c. The old hag wanted to know the price of the scissors. 'A night with her husband', was the answer. (23) 'Ah, ah, said the old hag, I shall grant her that, but it is little good to her.' And that night the woman slept with the White Hound. He was sleeping as if dead. She could not rouse him. Her heart was pierced. She wanted to weep and cry but she wouldn't let the old hag have her satisfaction. Instead, she sang the saddest melody she knew, from deep in her soul. She sang a caoin (keen) from her very muscles that would have been trembling in tears otherwise :

'Dhiultigheas iarlaidh aglls fearu maithe, Thug mé gradh dhuit thar na fearaibh. Is til mac Artuir Bharr-na-gcrannaidh A bhi seacht mbliadhna 'na chliamhain ag m'athair, Agus ma 's iul leat e, mi. raibh maith a't (agat).'

'I refused earls and noblemen, I loved thee above all men. Thou art the son of Arthur of Barr-na-gcrannaidh, Who for seven years was

son-in-law to my father, And if thou knowest it, I don't thank thee.'

CÚ BÁN AN T-S'LEIBHE

Cautionary Tales

Dont be like that, storytime listeners.

The Legend of Cairn Thierna <https://folkli.com/the-legend-of-cairn-thierna-a-local-legend-of-glanworth-ireland> The Legend of Cairn Thierna From the town of Fermoy, you may plainly see the mountain of Cairn Thierna; crowned with a great heap of stones, which, as the country people remark, never came there without "a crooked thought and a cross job." This great pile on the top of Cairn Thierna was caused by the words of an old woman, whose bed still remains — Labacally, the hag's bed — not far from the village of Glanworth. O'Keefe, Lord of Fermoy, had only one son. It was a fine child; his face filled with innocent joy was enough to make any heart glad. Yet O'Keefe could not help but look upon his son's smiles with sorrow, for an old hag had foretold that the boy would drown before he grew up to manhood. "Infant heir of proud Fermoy, Fear not fields of slaughter; Storm and fire fear not, my boy, But shun the fatal water." These were the warning words which caused the chief of Fermoy so much unhappiness. His infant son was carefully kept away from the river, and anxious watch was kept over every playful movement. The child grew up in strength and in beauty, and every day became more dear to his father, who, hoping to avert his doom, prepared to build a castle far removed from the dreaded water. The top of Cairn Thierna was the place chosen, and the boy viewed with delight the laborious work of raising mighty stones from the base to the summit of the mountain, until the vast heap which now forms its rugged crest was accumulated. The workmen were about to commence the building, and the boy was allowed to rove about at will. A vessel which contained a small supply of water, brought there for the use of the workmen, attracted the attention of the child. He saw, with wonder, the

glitter of the sunbeams within it; he approached and a form resembling his own arose before him. He gave a cry of joy and astonishment, and drew back; the image drew back also, and vanished. Again he approached; again the form appeared, mirroring his every expressing of delight. Eager to welcome the young stranger the boy bent over the vessel to press his lips; and losing his balance, the fatal prophecy was accomplished. The father abandoned the building in despair, and the materials remain; proof of the folly of attempting to avert the course of Fate."

Is dóigh le fear na buile gurb é féin fear na céille. The frenzied man reckons he is the sensible one.

from The Attributes of Erinn Diarmid mac Donaill mac Fineen (The Slender) O'Sullivan sang (as Gaeilge) published 1860 with references to 1750 "O such things were never known in the days of Éibhear Mór North or South, East or West, from the centre to the shore, Men paid not half their taxes with the butter ! long ago, When the true and gallant Gael were a n-Erinn beo (alive in the land)..."

Lives of the Saints

BARDS OF MUNSTER Confining our attention to the south-western province, we find the scribe of the bishop-chief...also introduces a visit from St. Patrick's angel, who is named Victor, and who prophesied that the supremacy of Éire would be perpetually in this place. His deduction from the premises is that, " the tribute and service of the men of Eire are always due to the chief of Cashel." "The Restrictions and Prerogatives of the [chiefs] of Eire," compiled by a bard in the 11th century. According to this singular record of superstitious observances, the chief of Munster enjoyed, as a prerogative, " the cattle of Cruachan at the singing of the cuckoo...

Gleeson at Queens university Belfast 2019 writes.... In Gaelic Ireland, the nexus between authority, genealogy, landscape and place is fundamental to the exercise of power.

'It will be Nad-Fraich's city; everyone's land will be Nad-Fraich's. He who possesses Cashel, he it is who speaks for all Munster [...] all Munster will be pledged to him'.

Wherefore St. Findchua left to Munstermen, from that time forward till Doomsday, to defeat [evil] foreigners and every host besides when charging down a height ; and verily this is fulfilled... Lismore Life of St. Fanahan

from a " Fragment " preserved in the Codex Salmanticensis : " Who can describe the virtues of St. Brendan— his humility and meekness ; his charity and tender compassion ; his patience and gentleness ; his fasting and abstinence ; his constant assiduity in prayer? Because he had perfectly fulfilled all the Commandments of Christ, and had faithfully practised all those virtues and many others of a like nature, the Blessed Brendan, in a good old age, among choirs of angels, with great joy and triumph, amid gleaming lights and choral psalmody, departed unto the Lord, to whom be all honour and glory for ever and ever ! Amen." Fr DENIS O'DONOGHUE, P.P. 1895 Brendaniana

LismoreBetha Nm Brenainn's 899.- Now since it is the souls of the saints, whose lot it is to inhabit for ever the Chieftdom of heaven, that make that lamentation, it were meet for the men of the world, though they should shed tears of blood expecting Doomsday, in quo die mala erunt. Now there will be many evils and tribulations on that day, that is, on the Day of Judgment, in quo dieJudexJustus sua suis reddet: impiis pcenas, pr&miajustis. Then will the Lord pay to every human being in the world his

own wage. Punishment He hath for the sinful, reward for the righteous. Then the sinful will be cast into the depth of the eternal pain, and the lock of God's word will shut them up under hatred of the Brehon of Doom. Then the saints and the righteous, the folk of charity and of mercy, will be carried to the right hand of God the Father, to inhabit the Chiefdom of heaven for ever. Then they will abide in that great glory, in the unity of the Godhead and the Manhood of the Son of God : in the unity that is nobler than any unity, the unity of the holy, noble, almighty Trinity, Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost. 3912. I beseech the" high, almighty God, through saint Brenainn's intercession, may we all deserve that unity, may we reach it, may we dwell therein for ever and ever ...

And though great be her honour here at present, greater by far will it be, when St. Brigid shall arise like a shining lamp in completeness of body and soul at the great assembly of Doomsday, in union with cherubim and seraphim, in union with the Son of Mary the Virgin, in the union that is nobler than every union, in the union of the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I beseech the mercy of High, Almighty God, through holy Brigit's intercession, may we all deserve that unity, may we attain it, may we dwell therein, in saecula. Lismore Betha

Lismore Betha Ciaran Therefore for those good things and for abundance of other good things his soul is with the household of heaven. His relics and remains are here, with honour and with veneration, with miracles and with daily marvels. And though great be his honour at present in that wise, greater will be his honour in the holy incorruptible union of his body and his soul at the great assembly of Doom, when St. Ciaran will be Brehon over the fruit of his teaching along with Jesus Christ whom he served. So he will abide in that great household² , in unity of patriarchs and prophets, in the unity of the apostles and disciples of the Saviour Jesus Christ : in the unity

of the nine orders of angels who have not transgressed : in the unity of the Godhead and Manhood of the Son of God : in the unity that is nobler than every unity, in the unity of the holy Trinity, Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost. 4524. I beseech the mercy of noble almighty God, through St. Ciaran's inter- cession, that we may all attain to that unity. May we dwell therein for ever and ever

Betha Phatraic Bennacht Dé for Mumain, feraib macaib mnaib, bennacht for in talmain do-beir tarad daib. Bennacht for cech n-indbas gignes for a mbrugaib, cennach fore cobair bennacht Dé for Mumain. Bennacht for a mbenda, for a lecca lomma, bennacht for a n-glenda, bennacht for a ndromma. Gainem lir fo longaib ropat lín a tellaig, i fánaib i r-redib i slebtib i m-bendaib

Rebel songs

Colony Damien Dempsey,

Aoife Scott translation. Caitríón transcribed.

Bhí muid ag fulaingt le dúchasaigh hOilean Turtair, Indiaigh na hÁise, We suffer with the First Nations of Turtle Island, the Indian in Asia.

Bundúchasaigh na hAstráile, muintir na hAfraice lena stair ársa fhíor. Aboriginal Australia, the African people with their history so deep.

Is ár bpáistí ag gol de shíor, is ár saolta fós chomh saor. And our children still weep and our lives are still cheap.

Derek Warfield and the Young Wolfe Tones

You can wear an Easter lily for the men who fought and died You can wear an Easter lily for the women by their side You can wear an Easter lily for the heroes of '16 Who gave us back our dignity and pride and self esteem You

can wear an Easter lily for the saintly hordes who died In the years of great
hunger, Trevelyan's genocide You can wear an Easter lily for the children's
starving tears And the mothers who watched helplessly in action by their
peers

Sunday Bloody Sunday U2

And the battle's just begun There's many lost, but tell me who has won?
The trenches dug within our hearts And mothers, children, brothers, sisters
torn apart Sunday, Bloody Sunday Sunday, Bloody Sunday How long, how
long must we sing this song?

The Sniper's Promise Joe McCann

Oh mama, oh mama comfort me For I know these awful things have got to
be But when the war for freedom has been won I promise you I'll put away
my gun.

I'm gonna make me a good sharp axe Shining steel tempered in the fire I'll
chop you down like an old dead tree
Ewan Maccoll, Dirty Old Town

Sean Ó Riada

'Sé mo laoch mo ghile mear 'Sé mo Shaesar, ghile mear.

Banshee stories

Fairy is replaced by Banshee or Bean Sí in English translations for best
understanding. Obviously there are other phenomena like Cat Sí, Fear Sí
that fit into that world. Bád Sí.

"There is great variation in the traditions about the being but the core of

the belief concerns a solitary, crying female supernatural being who is perceived as an ancestress of the family she attends. One discerns in the traditions about her and older 'aristocratic' being ... who stands in a special guardian-type position to noble and illustrious personages and families, specifically in the context of death. Alongside the predominantly benign and sympathetic aspect of the deathmessenger in the traditional material, one also detects a frightening and aggressive aspect to her behaviour..." — Patricia Lysaght, *The Banshee*, Dublin, 1996, p. 191

" At the Dangan when the mournful cry was strong, The hoarding merchants took alarm! But with respect to themselves they need not fear danger; banshéas do not bewail that class of mortals."

The names of several banshee are preserved in romantic tales, as well as in elegies, and other poems, of which the most celebrated are Aibhinn (now Aoibhell), of Craigliath, near Killaloe, the banshee of the Dal-gCais of North Munster ; Cliodhna, of Tonn Cliodhna, at Glandore, the banshee of the Mac Carthys and the other families of South Munster; Aine, of Knockany, in the county of Limerick; Una, of Cnoc Sidhe-Una, the banshee of the O'Carrolls; Cailleach Beirre, of Dun-Caillighe Beirre, the banshee of some of the Leinster and Meath families; Grian, of Cnoc Greine, in Munster; Aine, of Lissan, in Tyrone, so attached to the family of O'Corra ; Eibhlinn, of Sliabh Fuaid, &c. &c. Each of these is Bainríoyhan no. bruighne, or Queen of the fairy palace, in her own district ...

THE JOURNAL KILKENNY AND SOUTH-EAST OF IRELAND
ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. VOL. I NEW SERIES. 1856-57

Songs of Donegal 1921 Pat MacGill THE RETURN (Argument : Hughie Gallagher, son of the Widow Gallagher, returns to Dooran, his native townland with the [Banshee] Banríon his wife.) WHEN Hughie Gallagher

came home, his bosom filled with pride, And brought to Dooran, as his own, his bonnie [Banshee] Bride, The people gazed on her dismayed. The Widow stroked her chin : "She's nice enough," the Widow said. " But my ! she's very thin ! " "Thin's not the word," said Eamon Wor. " To meet the work in hand A ranny like her never yet was seen in all the land; She's just the woman that meself would never want to own. Thin's not the word' said Eamon Wor. " " She's only skin and bone." " More bones than skin," said Norah Friel. " Sure, I did never see A rachary like Hughie's wife, so doncy and so wee. He sure could hide her in his boot or house her in his cap ! I never saw a thing like that get married on a chap ! " Said Fergus Dhu who dug for spuds : " God help us, but she's small, The like of her was never seen in County Donegal, The way she walks, the way she talks, her figure, cut and shape ! I've hoked up pratees twice as big at Lammas on a graip ! " Neal Hudagh laughed a mighty laugh, as if his sides would break — " Poor Hughie Gallagher," he said. " It's you that has the cheek To take that thing to tend your home. And married to her now, You'll never see her bake or sow, nor churn, nor milk a cow." Said Myles O'Malley : " Grosha Yagh ! that such a thing I've seen ! God help you, Hughie Gallagher, you and your [Banshee] Banríon ! You've house and home and stock and store, but all will go to pot, Because the woman that ye need is what ye haven't got." Now Hughie turned him to his wife and looked at her and said : "Than house ourselves in Dooran, dear, we'd better far be dead. We'll scoot, my love ! " And as he spoke he caught her by the hand. And both together toddled off again to [Banshee]land.

"The [Bean Sí] Clíodna together with Aoibhell and Áine constitutes a triad of Munster [Bean Sí]", with links to the banshee", explains Daragh Smyth in *Earthing the Myths: The Myths, Legends and Early History of Ireland*. It's referenced in a story that "there is no morning of the year when Clíodhna isn't outside of that Carraig before sunrise, combing her hair", an activity

associated with the banshee. Indeed, Clíodhna is also regarded as the banshee that rules as Banríon over the [Sí] of south Munster. Patricia Lysaght explains that "the association of the death-messenger with a former land [Bean Sí] who is now a bean sí is again evident in Clíona, territorial [Bean Sí] of south-Munster, and as such intimately connected with important families and individuals in the area".... RTE Jenny Butler UCC

The legend of Clíona Eugene Daly March, 2021 As a femme fatale, Clíona enticed men to the seashore, and had a series of mortal lovers. Among them were 'Caomh', the progenitor of the O'Keefe family, and Seán Mac Shemais Mac Gearailt (John Fitz James Gearailt – Fitzgerald) [chief] of Desmond... <https://westcorkpeople.ie/columnists/the-legend-of-cliona/>

[Clíodhna] is said to have drowned in the harbour of Glandore and the noise of the waves entering cliff caves near that spot has since been called Tonn Chlíodhna – Clíodhna's wave. Its noise is loud and sudden and is said to foretell the death of a [chief] or noble man in Ulster. Clíodhna foretold, that because of the way she was treated by mortals, a great wave sent by her, would one day engulf all of Munster.
<http://bardmythologies.com/cliodhna/>

THE JOURNAL KILKENNY AND SOUTH-EAST OF IRELAND

ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. VOL. I NEW SERIES. 1856-57 The introduction of banshés into poems of this kind, to predict the recent deaths of the heroes or good men, whose virtues were the subject of the composition, was a favourite form of composition with the Irish poets of the last two centuries.... ...In the eastern counties of Ireland this fabled female sprite is called Bodhbh chaointe (Bowe keenté), but in West Munster and Connaught she is known by the name of bean side (Ban shé) [bean sí]. Dr. O'Brien, in his Irish Dictionary, has the following remarks on this term, in

voce Sithbhrog : — "SITH-BHROG, the same as SIGH-BHROG, from SIGHE, a fairy, and BROO, a house; hence BEAN SIGHE, plur., MNA SIGHE, she fairies, or women fairies [banshees], credulously supposed by the common people to be so affected to certain families, that they are heard to sing mournful lamentations about their houses by night whenever any of the family labours under a sickness which is to end by death....

Mac Samhthiann or Mac Samthainn, 1090 and Mac Kineely (Irish: Mac Cinnfaelaid (Mac Cinnfhaelaidh)) are three brothers living on the coast of Donegal, and across the strait on Tory Island (an island named after the Tir Connell—presumably the Tower of Conand; cf. "Glass Tower" above.) lived Balor, who had one eye in front of his head, and another in the back, with the ability to petrify on-gazers. Among the three brethren Gavida was the smith, and his forge was at the Druim na Teine ("ridge of the fire").

Mac Kineely (who corresponds to Cian) was a lord of some districts and owned the coveted cow, the Glas Gaivlen, which produced milk aplenty. Balor receives prophesy from his druids that he was destined to fall by the hands of his grandson. So he locks away his daughter Ethnea in a tower built upon an inaccessible and towering rockscape called the Tor-More. Balor landed ashore to steal the cow. Mac Kineely had business with the smith, and, out of his usual habit, had entrusted the halter of the cow to his other brother. Balor then came up to this brother (Mac Samthainn) and whispered him a lie that the other two were secretly colluding to use up all his steel to build Mac Kineely's sword, and to make his out of iron," tricking him into rushing off to investigate. By the time the brothers realised, Balor had already rowed halfway down the strait with the cow on his boat. Mac Kineely had a leanan-sidhe (familiar sprite) by the name of "Biroge of the Mountain," and she would assist him in trying to vanquish Balor to recover

the cow. This banshee was only able to sow the seeds of Balor's destruction, and it is not clear if the cow was ever recovered.

On the wings of a storm she brought Mac Kineeley, dressed in woman's guise, into the tower where Balor's daughter lived trapped, attended by twelve matrons. Mac Kineely and the maiden fell in love, and she bore him three sons. Balor discovered this and slew Mac Kineely by a certain rock, whose red stains were still visible in the days when the folk tale was recited.

Of the three infants, just one managed to survive, and adopted by the smith Gavida, was raised as his apprentice. One day, Balor appeared on the forge, and ordered some spears to be made when only the apprentice was at the workshop. Balor let slip the fact that he had killed Mac Kineely, not realising the apprentice was the bereaved son (not named, but presumably the equivalent of Lugh). The apprentice, pretending to slave away at the forge, awaited his chance and "taking a glowing rod from the furnace, thrust it through the Basilisk eye of Balor," thus exacting his revenge.

wikipedia: Glas Gaibhnenn

In the Isle of Man, the hunting of the wren is associated with an ancient enchantress or 'queen of the [banshees]' named 'Tehi Tegi' which translates to something like 'beautiful gatherer' in Brythonic (the Manx spoke Brythonic before they switched to Gaelic). Tehi Tegi was so beautiful that all the men of the Island followed her around in hope of marrying her, and neglected their homes and fields. Tehi Tegi led her suitors to the river and then drowned them. She was confronted, but turned into a wren and escaped. She was banished from the Island but returns once a year, when she is hunted...wikipedia Lá an Dreoilín

TALES IN THE The Rennes Dindsenchas translated by Whitley Stokes [As doilghi leam iná in t-écc.] 110. TLACHTGA. Tlachtga, canas ro aimnniged? Ni ansa. Tlachtga ingen Mogha Ruith meic Fergusa ... Tlachtga, why is she so named? Not difficult to say.]Tlachtga daughter of Mog Ruith son of Fergus: three sons of Simon Magus ravished her when she went with her father to learn the world's magic: for 'tis she that made for Trian the Rowing Wheel and the Stone in Forcarthu and the Pillar stone in Cnámchoill. Then she escaped from the east, bringing those two things With her, till she reached Tlachtga Hill; and there she lay—in and bore three sons, namely Dorb, from whom is Mag nDoirb, and Cuma, from whom is Mag Cuma, and Muach, from whom is Mag Muaich.

And till these three names are forgotten in Ireland, foreigners' vengeance will not visit it. Whence Tlachtga is said.

n. In Ed. Tlachtga is said to have died in childbed, and over her the fortress Was built. NOTE:Tlachtga is now the Hill of Ward near Athboy in Meath: Forrartlm is near Rathcoole in the co. Dublin; and Cnámchaill is Cleghile near the town of Tipperary. Mag Cumma, Mag nDoirb and Mag Muaich are now forgotten, so the prophecy as to foreigners' vengeance has been fulfilled.' -

As to the Wizard Mogh Ruith and the Rowing Wheel, which is to roll over Europe before Doomsday, crushing the tribes to which the pupils of Simon Magus respectively belonged, Of the pillar-stone of Cnámchoill it is said: Dall cach oen notn-aicfe, bodar each oen nod-cluinfe, marb each óen risi mbenfa, Land 6to, fo. 1o9fl 2, u Blind (Will be) every one who shall see it: deaf every one Who shall hear it, and dead every one against whom it shall strike.

"Stand in your power. Own your space. Never apologize for who you are or what you know." — Kumu Michelle Manu

The apostate patriotism of the Irish capitalist class, arising as it does upon the rupture with Gaelic tradition, will, of course, reject this conception, and saturated with foreignism themselves, they will continue to hurl the epithet of 'foreign ideas' against the militant Irish...." —James Connolly, 1915, *The Re-Conquest of Ireland*

THE EMERALD ISLE or THE CAVES OF CARRIG-CLEENA written by Basil Hood composed by Arthur Sullivan and Edward German Round and round the [banshee] ring, There I heard the [banshees] sing; This is the [banshee] song I heard, Do I remember it? -- every word. Da Luan, da mort, da Luan, da mort Angus da Dardine! Many, many people may Disbelieve what I do say -- Once I was young and foolish, too, And an ignoramus, just like you;

Cailleach stories

Book of the Cailleach, *Ó Crualaíoch*, UCC, is the standard for approaching these. Interpretive lens for most tales, think of her as the Widow with Two mites in the bible with Jesus. But she is also very clearly a name for Ireland as well probably for Planet Earth. Written all over the landscape.

"The system of private capitalist property in Ireland, as in other countries, has given birth to the law of primogeniture under which the eldest son usurps the ownership of all property to the exclusion of the females of the family. Rooted in a property system founded upon force, this iniquitous law was unknown to the older social system of ancient Erin, and, in its actual workings out in modern Erin, it has been and is responsible for the moral murder of countless virtuous Irish maidens."- James Connolly, *The Re-Conquest of Ireland*, Chapter 6, Woman

The Sharp-Witted Wife J. Gregorson Campbell The Scottish Historical Review Vol. 12, No. 48 (Jul., 1915), pp. 413-417 (5 pages) Published by: Edinburgh University Press, written about 35 years before 1915 according to a note, This old wife, Beura or Bheura, whose name means 'shrill, sharp, cutting' is probably of Irish origin. She is associated with places along the whole west coast of Argyllshire, each district claiming her as a native, and pointing to the spots she frequented. Sometimes the Beur wives are spoken of in the plural number, as staying in lochs and among rushes, and as having been very dangerous to come near. A tall reed found beside lochs is called 'the distaff of the Bera wives,' and a species of flag or waterplant 'the flag,' and sometimes 'the staff' of the same sarcastic dames. The word beur is not in ordinary use. It is applied to a razor in the expression : 'Like a razor keen and cutting,' and to a woman who uses bitter and piercing words, in Ross's 'Ode to the Toothache' ;

'Many a sharp, satiric old wife and sportive hussy Require to have their jaws and gums grievously afflicted.'

On the lands of Knock in Mull (an cnoc Muileach), at the point of Sròn na Crannalaioch, near Loch Ba, there is a well, reputed to be the 'Well of Youth.' Thither Bera went regularly at 'the dead of night,' before bird tasted water or dog was heard to bark, and by then drinking from it kept herself always at sixteen years of age. At last, when making her way to the well on a calm morning (and such mornings are very beautiful in the West Highlands), she heard a dog barking. She exclaimed:

'Little knows any living wight, When mischance may befall him ; For me early has the dog called, In the calm morn above Loch Ba. I had enough of spells To serve the seed of Adam, But when the mischance was ripe It could not be warded off.'

Having said this, she fell, crumbling into dust. She lived so long that she had above five hundred children. These were buried in her 'Burial Place of Hosts' in Ireland, according to one version of the rhyme, and according to another in Cill-mo-Neacain in Iona. She buried

Nine times nine times seven, In the Burial Place of Hosts in Ireland.
In Tiree it is said that when her age was asked by the Prior's daughter (whoever she was) said her memory extended back to the time when the Skerryvore rocks, where the lighthouse is built, and which are now covered by the stormy Atlantic, were covered by arable fields, and that she had seen the waters of Loch Phuill in Tiree, and of Leinster in Ireland (another proof of her Irish origin) before they had attained any size. 'Little sharp old wife, tell me your age.' 'I saw the seal-haunted Skerryvore, When it was a mighty power ; When they ploughed it, if I'm right, And sharp and juicy was its barley. I saw the Loch at Balefuill When it was a little round well, Where my child was drowned Sitting in its circular chair ; And I saw Leinster lake in Ireland, When children could swim across.'

...

Gearóid Ó Cruaí, a University College Cork emeritus professor of folklore, *The Book of the Cailleach*, UCC Press: "Proactive, female creativity and power is thus seen, in Irish ancestral culture, to be the major source from which emerges both the general form of the physical universe and the security and well-being of the social order in times of stress.

Traces of the elder faiths of Ireland; a folklore sketch; a handbook of Irish preChristian traditions, Wood-Martin, 1902 Even Cleena had a more estimable side to her character. Some of the [Aboriginal Irish] around Carrig Cleena regard her in the light of a benefactress. In her neighborhood

no cattle die from the influence of the evil eye, nor the malignant power of the unfriendly spirits of the air. Her goodness preserves the harvest from the blights that which dissipate the farmer's hopes. The [Aboriginal Irish] are the particular children of her particular care. She often appears, disguised in the homely garb of a [Aboriginal Irish] girl, to announce to some late wayfarer the expulsion from her dominions of invading spirits, and the consequent certainty of abundant harvest.

County: Roscommon Related By: Patrick Gallagher, 60 yrs Address:

Castlemore Written By: John P. Gallagher Address: Castlemore Age: 12 yrs

Date: May 1938 One dark night as a man in my district was coming home he had to go along a lonely stretch of road. On the way he saw some eggs and mushrooms which he took up. All of a sudden he heard the wailing cry of a banshee and he was knocked to the ground. His shoes were of and taken away with the mushrooms and eggs As he proceeded down the road he saw his shoes which he put on. As he went home he heard music on all sides. So then he knew the [banshees] were out because it was the first of the month.

[T]he message that we can attribute to the male transmitters of the legends of the cailleach and the bean feasa ... is that essentially feminine conceptions of power and wisdom operate along with and outside of male authority in the patriarchal world and that such conceptions are traditionally resorted to and invoked to contain and make meaningful both occasional experiences of affliction and prevailing physical and sociocultural contexts of human existence...

... [T]hese stories...show in their own way how meaningfulness and relief can be achieved in affliction and how ancestral imaginative frameworks

regarding the personified operations of cosmic power and cosmic forces can provide archetypal resources for the attainment of meaningfulness in the face of life experience. Men and women alike, whether in the pre modern communities in which these legends circulated in oral transmission, or in the contemporary world where these legends are encountered in written form, have presented to them, as speech-event or as text, narrative accounts of how human individuals (humanly identical to themselves), were enabled to interpret and to cope with the circumstances and the consequences of their being-in-theworld, and give symbolic verbal articulation and representation to that knowledge....

...Rather than being static, outmoded or regressive, these materials of Irish folk tradition can constitute a creative contribution to the life of the imagination today and to the imaginative enrichment of individuals who care to engage with them in creative ways. Encountered in such a fashion, the texts and rituals of Irish folklore that feature the figure and function of the ancestral Irish otherworld female can bear living witness to — and enable access to — sources of imaginative creativity and vitality that deserves to be known more widely. " Gearóid Ó Cruaí, *The Book of the Cailleach*, University College Cork Press, 2003

The Departure of Clíodhna from Carrigcleena as remembered by Domhnall Mac Óda The last account of Clíodhna, as told by local residents around Carrigcleena, runs as follows: Situated about two miles north of Carrigcleena, and on the road to Mallow, is a cross-roads called Pindy's Cross, Pindy being a corruption of pente, Greek for five. There are five roads branching off at these cross-roads. It seems there was a smithy or forge at this spot long ago, no trace of which is to be found now. Clíodhna, mounted on a white horse, appeared before the forge and asked the smith to put a shoe on one of horse's legs. This the smith promptly did. When

leaving Cliodhna is reported to have called the smith's attention to a clump of bracken that was quite green-looking and growing nearby. She said that she was leaving the place, but did not disclose where she was going, and gave the smith a sign whether she would return again or not. The sign was the green bracken. If, on the following day, the bracken was green as usual, she would return, but on the other hand, if the bracken was withered, then never again would she come back. The smith next day saw the bracken shrivelled up and withered, and Cliodhna has never been heard of since. "Bhí bean ag cuardach a dearbhrathar i bhfad ó bhaile."

<http://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4921885/4898842>

Aoghán Ó Rathaille I beseech the Trinity, most august, holy, To banish this sorrow from them altogether — From the descendants of Ir, of Conn, of Éibhear — And to restore the Gaels to their estates. O Christ, restore betimes to the Gaels All our estates, rescued from the dire bondage of foreign churls ; Chastise the vile horde, behold, our country is faint, And Erin's nursling, weak, feeble, subdued, beyond the sea !

MythLines 1: The Cailleach and the Wise Woman Sharon Blackie ...old stories of the Cailleach explain the formation of the land, and tell of the ways in which she shaped the Earth throughout all its long ages. Her favoured landscapes are craggy, prominent mountains and outcroppings – from the Cailleach stone on the Beara peninsula in Cork, to the Hag's Head (Ceann Caillí) at the southernmost tip of the Cliffs of Moher in County Clare. On top of Slieve na Calliagh (Sliabh na Caillí, 'the hag's mountain') at Loughcrew in County Meath are megalithic tombs which include a kerbstone known as 'the Hag's chair

[I]maginative life and cultural knowledge can be regarded as constituting a universe of discourse that is both a symbolic product of consciousness in

Ireland and a symbolic process whereby Irish experience is represented and communicated within Irish consciousness and Irish culture. The term coimcne was used a thousand years ago to mean just such a shared universe of cultural discourse. Its literal meaning is 'mutual wisdom' and it emphasizes both the sharing of cultural knowledge and the central importance of the knowledge shared; such knowledge being necessary for the comprehension of life experience and the proper conduct of social life." The Book of the Cailleach, University College Cork Press, 2003

THE CAILLEACH: They were indeed splendid, times, but although our statutes and laws were a cause of terror to evil works (Romans xln, 3), yet there was no virtue in them unless spoken in my name. I argued the cause of the fatherless children and widows with the most powerful fluency, and in the judgment seat where I constantly sat to decide the causes of the people, I cleaved always to the side of love and spirit of charity, neither did I suffer any witness to be perverted by crafty advocacy and crooked tricks. The guilt of the criminal I announced in very solemn words. The Church I constantly attended, and went with pious people to prayer and praise to the Lord, and my sermons sank deep in the hearts of the people. I went also with the young men to seek their wives, and when they had chosen them, I went with them to the wedding. By my advice they dwelt together in peace and comfort, but, alas! those happy days are gone for ever. From The Manx Quarterly, #23, taken from a booklet of 32 pages printed in Douglas about the year 1870

From Aislinge Meic Conglinne as translated by Kuno Meyer from Middle Irish:

"Mise Cailleach Bhéara bhocht, iomdha iongnadh amharcas riamh, chonnarcas Carn Bán 'na loch, cidh go bhfuil sé 'nois 'na shliabh." " I am the

poor old woman of Beare, Many wonders have I seen, I have seen Carn Bán a lake. Though now it is a mountain.

The habits of Cailleach Bheara : She did not carry the mud of one pool beyond the next pool. She did not eat when she was hungry. She did not go to sleep until she was sleepy. She did not throw away the dirty water until she had clean water in the house.

Her advice : One night she was on the sea with her children. The night was still and dark, and it was freezing. The cold went to their very marrow.

She told them to make themselves warm. " We cannot," said they. " Bale the sea out and in," said she. " Take the scoop, fill the boat, and bale it out again." They did so and made themselves warm until the morning, when they found opportunity to go ashore.

She had a bull called Tarbh Conraidh. There was no cow that heard him bellow and had not a calf at the end of the year. Wherever the grass was best and sweetest, there she would drive her cows and the bull. One day the bull heard the lowing of a cow. He ran from the Cailleach until he reached the cow, and the Cailleach after him. She followed him until they came to Mainin.

He swam across a small creek that lay in his way. When he reached the dry land, the Cailleach had leaped across the creek, struck him with her druid's rod, and turned him into stone. The bull-shaped stone is to be seen to this very day.

Gearóid Ó Cruaíaoich The Book of the Cailleach "A starting point is the acknowledgment that the Irish wisewoman is a healer — by

predominantly symbolic means — of crisis trauma. Where the roles of midwife and keener focus on the life traumas of birthing and dying, that of the bean feasa focuses on the affliction traumas that arise from apparently inexplicable loss of health or property.”

In Effishmore, Carndonagh, Tír Chonaill an old cailleach is said to have lived about one hundred and fifty years ago. She made a custom of milking her neighbours' cows and keeping the milk. Sometimes the people followed her and she changed herself into a hare so that nobody could recognize her. One night some men were out hunting and the old cailleach was in the form of a hare. One of the men put a sixpence in his gun and fired at her. The sixpence hit the hare in the leg and wounded it badly. A short time afterwards the men came into her house and saw her sitting in the corner spinning. The blood was running in streams from her leg and that is how they recognised her. duchas.ie

Owen Diver, Co. Donegal: Long ago a woman lived in Cashel and after her death she was always being seen in the form of a hare. Her daughter's children were very fond of her and she was fond of them. She would gather all the food she could for them from the neighbours. One night the men were out after her with hounds but they could not catch her. At last they heard that if they got a hound without one black hair that it would catch her. So they got one. One night after this they went out and when they had her nearly caught she made for her daughter's house. One of the children who was standing on the street clapped her hands and called out "Run Grannie run or the white hound will catch you. The hound caught her by the leg going in the door. She was killed and was never seen afterwards. - Owen Diver, Gleann Tochair (roll number 16611), Co. Donegal

Gearóid Ó Cruailaich, The Book of the Cailleach “It was not to any merely

mortal liberator that Merriman looked for deliverance of country and culchies, but to the older, supernatural, 'female' sovereignty of the spirit of the land itself. Thus he seeks to ensure the return and perpetuation of fertility and prosperity for all..."

... it was the typical conventional Irish poet of the eighteenth century who suffered most. It was a miserable time and the gift of song only meant for the poets keener sensibility, outraged pride, bitterness at their fallen estate and the downfall of the Gaeldom. *Cúirt Oíche*, Merriman, edition Foghluda, Beaslaí, 1912, Introduction

And see the Irish nation Advance by rapid leaps and hops To be a race of Saxon fops? Ireland, that's what ye'll become Wid all this education! THE EMERALD ISLE or THE CAVES OF CARRIG-CLEENA written by Basil Hood, composed by Arthur Sullivan and Edward German

...Aoibheall of Carrick-lea is said to have fallen in love with a young chieftain of Munster, and to have assumed the shape and appearance of a cowherd's daughter, named Sheela Ni Maranan, the better to accomplish her desire. She served some years in the capacity of cinderwench, kitchenmaid, cook, and at length rose by her assiduity and good conduct to the important station of lady's-maid, in which position she obtained the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the object of her love.

Under this bewitched enchantment the poet chooses a spot to take a nap, secures himself from all disturbance, and enters dreamland in the role of an ardent Irish patriot, deploring the wrongs and woes of his country, and denouncing its invaders in the most pungently invective language. But here a storm arises and a spectral bailiff approaches equipped in all the terrors

of the law, and summons and drags him to a criminal court over which presided the Fairy Queen, Aoibheal... MICHAEL C. O'SHEA, The Midnight Court, Introduction

Faghaimse díreach brí chun buaite Is feidhm id chaíntse a bhrídeach
bhuartha. Feicím, is is dóigh gur dóite an radharc liom, Síolrach Órfhlaith
Mhóire is Mheidhbhe, An seifteoir caol is an créatúr cladhartha, An ceisteoir
claon is an déirceoir daigheartha Sú na táire is tál na coimse Ag súil le
sárfhuil sámh na saoithe. [

I find lot's of merit in the case you bring It was a hell of a speech, you poor
young thing. I see, and it's a sight that's certainly grave, That the
descendants of Orla, Mór and Maeve Are now sly connivers and spineless
creatures Creepy characters and poor alms-seekers The lowliest of the low
and the fairly well off Desperately coveting the bloodlines of the toff.

Source: <http://midnight-court.com/tmc-epilogue.html>

Frank Herbert, The White Plague "And finally I tell the Irish to remember
the Banshee of Dalcais Aibell, the Banshee warning Brian Boru that he
would die at Clontarf. Listen for the Banshee, Ireland, for I will have my
revenge upon all of you. No more can you evade personal responsibility for
what you did to me and mine. I am the ultimate gombeen man come to
make you pay -- not just during the hard months but forevermore."

Aoibheall>> Murchadh shall fall, Brian shall fall, All shall fall in the same
career ; 'Tis gory the field shall be to-morrow, With thy haughty blood !

High in this palace Aoibheal holds her court, To which complainants from
all sides resort, And much it grieves her and her gentle throng That Erin
groans beneath a load of wrong, That rightful owners are despoiled of all

"Their ancient rights, which they must yield, or fall In their defence against
a swarming host Of greedy robbers from a foreign coast... ... To glad our
country, and the nations blight Has come, while wrongs usurp the name of
law Ó Shea translation

Tairgeann Aoibheal croí gan chlaoinbheart, Cara na Muimhneach, sí-bhean
Léithchraig, Scaradh le saoithe sí na slua seo Scaitheamh do scaoileadh
daoirse i dTuamhumhain. Gheall an mhíonla chaoinis chóir seo Falsacht dlí
do chloí go cumhachtach Seasamh i dteannta fann is faonlag Is caithfidh an
teann bheith ceansa tláith libh, Caithfidh an neart gan cheart seo stríocadh
Is caithfidh an ceart ina cheart bheith suite;

There was an offer from Aoibheal, with a heart so clean, Momonian's friend
and Craglea's Banríon To the assembled council to bid farewell And in the
land of Thomond to bide a spell. This gentle upright lady swore To rip out
bad laws by their core To stand steadfast beside the poor and weak So the
mighty will have to cherish the meek. The powerful desist from inflicting
wrongs And justice enthroned where it belongs:

"The ancestral Irish cosmology—like all cosmologies— comprises the
cultural knowledge, in head, heart and hand (action and artifact), that
comprehends and represents in a broad, general way, how the world and
human existence have appeared meaningful to its adherents—the bearers
and transmitters of Irish tradition—in narrative and in ritual." Gearóid Ó
Cruaí, The Book of the Cailleach, University College Cork Press, 2003

Mallow Field Journal #9 1991, Kilshannig Mythology, Tales and Beliefs, John
J. Kavanaugh "The most popular legend holds that Cleena was one of the
two daughters of Draoi Rua - Redheaded Druid ... of Fermoy. Cliona
(Cleena) was lovely but her sister Aoivel was "all beautiful". They both fell in

love with Ó Caoimh of Cullen (Cullen Uí Chaoimh near Millstreet). He first turned his thoughts on Cliona, but Aoivel won him. Cliona then called on her old nurse to teach her magic spells to punish Aoivel. Her enchantments worked and Aoivel declined. Her beauty faded and after a lingering illness she died - or so it seemed, but Cliona and her nurse took the spell-bound Aoivel from her vault and carried her to a cave under Castle Cor - five miles north-east of Fermoy. When she awoke and still confessed her love for Ó Caoimh, Cliona waved her wand and changed her into a beautiful white cat, to be imprisoned for ever in that cave. Cliona succeeded in marrying Ó Caoimh and bore him a son and two daughters. In time Ó Caoimh learned of the terrible fate of Aoivel, and he requested Cliona to set her free from the enchantment. She admitted that she wished to set her free, but could not do so, as she had lost her magic wand! She had, however, told Aoivel that Ó Caoimh was killed in battle against the Norse invaders at Dundalk, and she had become reconciled to her loss. This was too much for Ó Caoimh, and Cliona and her children were banished from Cullin. They retired to the fairy palace at Carraig Cliona. When her daughters grew to womanhood, she restored them to their father, and as the story goes, the both made good marriages - one to the O'Neill of Ulster and the other to the O'Connor of Connacht. Cliona's son became the figure-head of the Ó Caoimh Clan.

duchas.ie from Baile Uí Ghrádaigh, Ceann Tuirc, Ballygrady South, Co. cork
The "White Cat" in Castle Cor in the barony [a Norman Distinction] of Duhallow Co. Cork In Castle Cor there is a cave, in which lives a "White Cat." Once upon a time there lived a Druid named Keeffe the last of the druids.In the cave there are beautiful treasures[said to shine as with a light from within], which the cat possesses. It is said that when the right owner will come back again to Castle Cor that if he runs short of money, it will be easy for him to enter the cave and he shall get everything he wants.

'Under this eminence in an easterly direction in the deep cave of Castlecóir [cóir, comhar?], of which...wonders are related. It is said that it contains treasures of gold and silver under the control of a white cat, who is seated on a throne of great value, and that this cat was once the beautiful Aoivil, metamorphosed into ... her natural form for the space of a week every year at midsummer; and that whoever is so fortunate as to visit her during that time, is free from the desire of sordid gain, and prefers her, with her beauty, to her treasures...put an end to her enchantment. This is similar to the spell laid on Cuanan and his beautiful daughter, who are confined to their palace in the Blarney lough, as well as Giroid Jarla in Lough Guir, together with various other celebrated personages, who are not likely to be freed from their enchantment in this age, so devoted to sordid gain.,.,.,.the happy day when some person will love her on her own account more than her treasures. In the event the enchantment will be dissolved, and their happiness will be complete and unequalled. They are both truly happy during... midsummer eve, when Cleena and all the [[Túatha Dé Danann]] assemble to rejoice and congratulate her. But at the expiration of the week she departs for the "grey rock" in gloomy sadness. Clíodhna, Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society, 1897.

The Blarney Stone The most traditional story of the famous Blarney Stone involves Clíodhna. Cormac Laidir MacCarthy, the builder of Blarney Castle, being involved in a lawsuit, appealed to Clíodhna for her assistance. She told him to kiss the first stone he found in the morning on his way to court, and he did so, with the result that he pleaded his case with great eloquence and won. Thus the Blarney Stone is said to impart "the ability to deceive without offending". He then incorporated it into the parapet of the castle. To be fair, Clíodhna does not take credit for all the blarney of the MacCarthys. Queen Elizabeth noted in frustration that she could not effect

a negotiation with Cormac MacCarthy, whose seat was Blarney Castle, as everything he said was 'Blarney... Wikipedia

from JJ Callanan, The Avenger

Ten thousand hurras shall ascend to high heaven, When our Prince is
restor'd and our fetters are riven

Lúgh's distinctiveness, however, is that he is master of all crafts: he is the Samildánach, the "Many Gifted One". ...and becomes the ideal defender of the Tribe against the chaotic powers of the Land. -Alexei Kondratiev Lugus: The Many-Gifted Lord

Strategist, warrior, satirist, co-ordinator of others' talents — Lug regulates and balances the efforts of the whole tribe, wielding his people into a fighting force much greater than the sum of its parts. Lug is the paragon of [leadership]: he attains office thanks to his wisdom and omnicompetence, and establishes his right to do so by stating his claim to the office irrefutably. He leads his people to victory in battle, and vanquishes a fierce opponent. He acquires for his people competence in agriculture. As cited in [Chieftdom] in Early Irish Literature Tomás Ó Cathasaigh, Elizabeth A. Gray in 'Lug and Cú Chulainn: chief and warrior, god and man, in Studia Celtica XXIV/XXV (1989/90), pp. 38-52, at p 44

An té nach bhfuil láidir ní folair dó a bheith glic. Whoever doesn't have
might/resources must be clever.

Then, blest with Cleena's best and choicest gifts, Together to thy home
thou shalt return, Where, while thy term of life on earth shall last, The light
of happiness shall ceaseless burn ; — There shalt thou find, by Cleena's
sovereign will, The deadly feud between thy sires shall cease, And all the

bitter past forgot, henceforth Thy kindred dwell in harmony and peace.
Echoes of Tyrconnel, Rebecca Scott

Bodach stories

Bodach an Cóta Lachta is the most famous of these stories. Any stories about Old men or wanderers are also Bodach stories though. Also written all over the landscape. Literally, as the pillar stones, Like Bod Fheargusa are Bodachs also. An Bodach constellation, based on small Realtaí Focal analysis, may be the Gobaun Saor and his cow, walking around the sky with stories that go with each location, with the regularity of say the Church Year.

The Bodach having accomplished this feat much to his satisfaction, now grasped Ironbones firmly by the middle, threw him to the ground, tied him hand and foot so that he could not stir, and addressed him in these words : An Bodach "Ironbones, justice has overtaken you: the sentence your own vain mind had passed on others is about to be pronounced against yourself; and all the liberty that I feel disposed to leave you is the liberty of choosing what kind of death you think it most agreeable to die of. What a silly notion you did get into your noddle, surely, when you fancied that you, single-handed, could make yourself master of the crown, sovereignty, and tributes of Ireland, even though there had been nobody to thwart your arrogant designs but myself ! ...

..and in this way it was that Ironbones was sent off from the shores of Ireland, without victory, honour, or glory, and deprived of the power of ever again boasting himself...

THE CHURL IN THE GREY COAT, From the Irish, James Clarence Mangan translation, edited DJ Ó Donoghue

Fenian and Ossianic Literature

Ogham Inscriptions

Name: Son/Devotee of the Rowan Tree (Maqi-Carattinn). Ogham stone:

Cloghanecarhan, Co. Kerry Name: Wolf Singer (Quanacanos). Ogham stone:

Island, Co. Mayo Name: Respector of (the god) Lugh (Lugudeccas). Ogham

stone: Ardmore, Co. Waterford Name: Little Seal (Ronann). Ogham stone:

Arraglen, Co. Kerry Name: Living Fire/Fire Alive (Bivodon). Ogham stone:

Kilbeg, Co. Waterford Name: Little Badger (Broccan). Ogham Stone:

Kilmalkedar, Co. Kerry Name: Raven Born (Branogenos). Ogham Stone:

Barnaveddoge, Co. Louth Name: (he who has) The Strength of a

Wolf/Hound (CUNOGUSSU). Ogham Stone: Ahalisky, Co. Cork Name: Son

of the Yew Tree (Ivageni). Ogham stone: Mount Russell, Co. Tipperary

Name: Heron (Corre). Ogham Stone: Coolinheagh. Ogham stone: Glebe, Co.

Cork Name: Devotee/Son of the deity Erc , possible a cow [Bean Sí]

(MaqiErcias). Ogham Stone: Coumeenole North, Co. Kerry Name: Flame

(Dego[s]). Ogham Stone: Coolmagort, Co. Kerry Name: Chief in Battle

(Catabar). Ogham stone: Ballyquin, Co. Waterford Name: Winter

Wolf/Hound (Gamicunus). Ogham Stone: Lugnagappul, Co. Kerry

<http://irisharchaeology.ie/2017/03/raven-born-wolf-singer-some-old-irishnames-from-oghamstones/>

Places

The Fairy Forts of Doneraile Writer Sheila Hannan, Ballyellis, Buttevant, Co.

Cork. Material obtained from. Mr. Cornelius Mullane, Ballyellis, Buttevant,

Co. Cork. Age 73 years. In the townland of Carrigeen about three miles

from Doneraile there is a fairy fort. It is known as "the Liss" and is said to

have been built by the fairies. It is circular in shape and is surrounded by a

wall of stone and, earth, inside which grow tiny little thorn bushes and furze. In the centre there is a round hole, but it is now almost hidden from view by briars and long grass. No one has ever dared to explore this liss or to plough or plant it. It is said however that a cow who once broke into the liss lost her milk and by the owner had to sell her. The milk was supposed to have been taken by the fairies. There is another old liss or fort in the townland of Knockanaar, about four miles from Doneraile. This is also circular in shape but is surrounded by tall fir trees. It is raised in the centre and it is thickly covered with bushes and furze. There is no entrance hole to this liss. It is said that once a man cut a bush out of this fort to put in a fence. He was warned by his neighbours not to cut it but he insisted on doing so. That night whilst sitting at the fire, he heard a soft tap on the door. He opened it, but to his surprise he saw no one, so he returned to the fire again. But no sooner was he seated, than he heard the same soft tap again. He went out but again he saw no one, so he decided to stay outside for a while. Then he heard a low sad wail which seemed to come from hundreds of tiny voices. He looked about but there was no one to be seen. Then he understood. It was the fairies come for the bush. Next morning he went and replaced the bush in the fort. Never since has he been troubled by the fairies nor indeed has he troubled them. He learnt a lesson and one which will never need to be taught again.

Mo Sgeal Féin Eoin O Siulleabáin Drom Mór, Mágh Calla, Carraig Cliona [Cliona's Rock] There is a big high rock in the parrish of Kilshannig, overlooking the valley of the Blackwater. It is said that Cliona the Queen of the fairies of Munster lived in that rock and also that she had a home in a wave in Glendore. A part of the rock was used for making the concrete road into the Beet Factory from the main road. The stone of the rock was found to be very hard; so hard that the steel drill used for blasting operations could not hole it. The Schools' Collection, Volume 0364, Page 011 Image and data © National Folklore Collection, UCD.

voicesfromthedawn.com Minard Castle, Ring Fort, and Holy Well, Annascaul, Co. Kerry. "The precariously balanced ruins of Minard Castle dominate the hillock at the western end of the bay, with a fine view across the water to the Iveragh Peninsula on the other side. This rectangular tower house, which originally may have been four stories tall, is now a tottering three-story pile, its outside dimensions measuring 15.2 m x 12.3 m (50 ft x 40.3 ft), with walls up to 3.35 m (11 ft) thick.... due to widening fissures in the walls they should not be entered in person. This former stronghold of the Knight of Kerry was one of the last of the Fitzgerald castles constructed on the peninsula, probably in the late sixteenth century. When Oliver Cromwell set his sights on the rebellious native Catholic Irish in this part of Co. Kerry, he found his foe in Walter Hussey, head of one of the leading Anglo-Norman families in the region. Cromwell's forces, led by Colonels Lehunt and Sadler, pursued Hussey across the mountains from Castlegregory. Hussey decided to make his stand here at Minard Castle, and by the time the battle was over his battered body was recognizable only because of the single red sock that he wore. The better-armed Cromwellian forces placed their cannon at the opposite end of the bay, inside the Iron Age ring fort Cathair na nAcraí. Their firepower decimated the castle's defenders and caused critical breaches in the east wall. When the British noted that the besieged Irish had run out of regular ammunition and were, in desperation, firing their guns with bullets cast from pewter, they felt it safe enough to bring in sappers, who planted gunpowder under all four vaults of the castle. Walter Hussey and most of his remaining defenders were crushed in the explosion as the upper stories of the castle collapsed. The few who survived were put to the sword as the British charged in. All were buried in shallow graves where they fell. An author in 1845 recounted her conversation with the local customs agent:

“He told us that in clearing the rubbish out of the castle, they had found a human skeleton of immense proportions, with a large sword beside it; he thinks the man was standing up close against a wall, when the castle was blown up. When they touched it, it crumbled to ashes.”

The Cromwellians may have modified the Iron Age ring fort from which they rained their cannon fire down upon Minard Castle, but it was much more severely damaged by the local Council in the nineteenth century when the stone walls of the fort were removed for use in road building. Perhaps had the council members heard from Dingle local John Williams, they might not have been so cavalier in using the fort as a quarry. In a 1979 interview (below, right) Williams explains what happened to a man who decided to take stones from a fort:::

They got that house, underground house Well he was up and in it the other day Up in it he did the quarrying he had the quarry open And he had his old greyhound with him So, the dog started barking, And he jumped out to see the course to view the chase He's after the hare He was no sooner out of the quarry When it caved in That was his second chance of it He's right to leave that place alone. So he went away over to ventry, anyway, A place called Malmanory. And he started over, looting a lios (fort). That man died after a week. He got a rat bite! That was his third chance. That's as true as I'm sitting down here. Interviewer: Cuz that's his uncle John Baker Joe Williams: That's true. Old John Baker: If you lived here you'd be young forever. This is the land of youth.

On a hill above the beach only the foundation remains from the Church of St. Mary, which was destroyed along with Minard Castle. Below it, however, St. John's Holy Well continues to draw pilgrims to this day. This well, at the end of a path about 180 m (200 yds) west of the castle, was formerly the

site of a “pattern” (pilgrimage) day on the 29th of August. Pilgrims would make their rounds about the well, reciting decades of the rosary and—perhaps unique to this well—throwing in one of the blackberries growing on bushes nearby. The well was reputed to contain a golden fish; the pilgrim lucky enough to spot him would enjoy great fortune. Its water, said to cure bodily ills, was imbibed, and was also used to wash the face and hands. A pilgrim once claimed to have a vision of the head of St. John the Baptist close to the well.

chief of the Birds in Ireland¹ On the south coast of Ireland is a secret green wooded valley which faces the blue sea. Among the animals of Ireland it was known as Glen-na-hEan – the valley of the birds – because that is where the birds of Ireland meet from time to time to discuss and organise their affairs and sort out any problems they might have. Now the most important time they ever met was when they came together to choose their chief. On this occasion all the trees in the valley were lined with birds of all kinds. There were little birds like the redbreasted robin and the tiny wren, medium-sized birds such as the wood pigeon and the white dove, the crow and the black and white magpie and of course the bigger birds such as the cormorant, the seagull and the golden eagle with his fierce eyes and razor sharp claws. The birds discussed the matter all day and late into the night. But they could not agree as to who should be chief. Finally, they asked the wise owl to devise a competition which would help them decide. He selected two mute swans to help him devise and referee the competition. It was also their job to devise the rules of the competition and to make sure that everyone kept them. It was already sunrise by the time Wise Owl and the two swans were to tell all the birds what was going to happen in the competition. “Now, the rules are simple,” he hooted. “Whoever flies the highest in the sky will be chief of all the birds in Ireland. Anyone found cheating will be immediately disqualified,” he added sternly. “Now, are

there any questions?" At that moment the golden eagle ruffled his honey-coloured feathers and spread his wings to their fullest extent. "Where will I be crowned chief when I win?" he asked rudely. "What do you mean," squawked the magpie. "We haven't had the competition yet. How do you know you'll win?" "Of course I shall win, it is obvious," replied the golden eagle, "for I am the biggest, the strongest, the swiftest and the most handsome of all the birds in Ireland." "Just a moment," said the magpie, "to be a good ruler it is not enough to be handsome and big and strong. A good chief is also wise, kind and sensitive to others."

"Wait and see," insisted the golden eagle, "I will win, I will win," he repeated bad-temperedly. Then the owl turned towards all the birds gathered before him and said, "Remember this is not a race. It is a competition to see who can fly the highest. Is that clear?" At this the starlings squawked "Let's be off – let's be off!" The owl took no notice of them but calmly asked, "Is everybody ready?" and then, "Ready ... steady ... go!" The flock of birds took off in a cloud of feathers with the sound like a thousand pairs of gloved hands clapping together. The owl and the two swans watched them as they rose higher and higher in the sky. Each thought that they knew already who would be the winner – but they said nothing.

The golden eagle beat his powerful wings and quickly rose higher and higher in the sky. After a little while he looked back and saw all the other birds way, way below him. And he thought to himself proudly, "This is easy. I'm going to win. They'll never catch me now!" And Golden Eagle, very pleased with himself, continued to soar ever higher in the sky. When Eagle next looked down he noticed that only the grey backed seagull was still bravely trying to catch up with him. So Eagle beat his wings even faster and more powerfully and soon the seagull lost heart. He too felt that he could

not beat Eagle and he began to return to the ground. When Eagle noticed this he thought, "I've won – I've really won. I'm going to be crowned the chief of all the birds in Ireland." And he began to glide down... But just then he felt something moving in the feathers on his back, and then a tiny voice said, "Thank you," and he looked over his shoulder to see a tiny wren flying above him. The golden eagle was both amazed and then angry because he realised that the wren had hitched a ride on his back. He furiously tried to beat his wings again but he was very tired and could only flap them weakly. "Come back," he shouted up at the wren, "come back. That's not fair. I've won." But the wren flew higher and higher until he was only a dot in the sky. The eagle sped towards the ground. As he landed with outstretched wings he slid to a halt, his long talons digging into the earth. Then he snapped his wings together and screeched. "That's not fair!" Then he turned and shouted at the wise owl and the two swans. "Tell him that's not allowed." The wise owl smiled and looked from the furious eagle up to the tiny spot that was the wren far above their heads. He looked back to the two swans and they whispered together for a few moments. "Well?" Eagle demanded. "Being a chief means not only being big and strong and powerful, it also means being clever and thinking ahead and planning. The wren did that. We will crown him chief of the Birds." And that is how the tiny wren outwitted the huge eagle and became chief of the Birds. And the wren has been chief of the Birds in Ireland ever since.

"Both the wren [Dreoilín] and the raven [Morrígú] have ties to Lúgh, the leader of the Danann side; and he here fulfills his usual role by restoring the rightful ruler and pairing him off with the woman who is the fertility of the Land. The wren serves to remind us of an aspect of Lúgh that is too often eclipsed by his heroic appearance in so many of the Irish literary tales: that he is lú, "little" [beag], easily dismissed before his powers have been revealed. The wren, too, despite his tiny size, is a "chief", the chief of all

birds: in a folktale known throughout Eurasia (including the Celtic lands) he gains that title through [cleverness], stowing away on the eagle's back during a contest of which bird can fly the highest, and then flying up when the eagle has exhausted himself and can go no higher. -Alexei Kondratiev
Lugus: The Many-Gifted Lord

Cé gur beag díol dreoilín caithfidh sé a sholáthar. Little as a wren needs, it must gather it

'...In his book, *Green and Gold: The Wrenboys of Dingle*, local author Steve MacDonogh says, "The Wren is an explosion of light, color, and boisterous exuberance in the midst of winter's gloom, and has continued as an unbroken tradition—changing, but never dying out." The great tradition in Dingle is quite competitive , with Wren Boys vying for bragging rights for "best turn-out", "best music," and "best rigs." ...'— Margaret Johnson, *Irish Puddings, Tarts, Crumbles, and Fools: 80 Glorious Desserts*

Ghost Stories

Sometimes you'll think you'll hear the groan of ghosts, Thin, hollow sounds, and lamentable screams." Clíodhna1897

70 year old Dan Sullivan to 12 Year old Dermot O' Keeffe. Kilmallock Co. Limerick, February 10th. 1936 An Bád Síde I was spending my holidays in Berehaven last year, and I heard the following story from some fishermen who used to be out seining. When ever a disaster was to occur they would see a Phantom boat, which they called the "Bád Síde", manned by Ghostly

forms of men rowing very fast. They would pass so closely that it was quiet possible to hear the men straining at the oars. It was a terrible experience for those who saw it for the first time, but the older men knew that it was a sign of a disaster, and it was always followed by some of them being lost while out fishing in boats.

John Quinn, Co. Mayo Giving Poteen to the Ghost Cat A long time ago a man and his two daughters lived in a little house. The only way they had to make a living for themselves was to make poteen. They used to carry it in what they call kegs. So one bright night as the two daughters were going to the town of Castlebar on their way they had to pass an old lonely place. AN BODACH (CONT'D) (MORE) 242. Garrdha Bán, as it was called. When they were passing this place they heard the lonesome cry of a cat calling for poteen. They had poteen with them that same night and they were going to sell it. The thought they heard the cat saying, "Mary asthore[hard to read word] you have great poteen!" They went on until they came to Castlebar. It was to the Sergeant they were selling it. So the Sergeant took the cork off the keg in order to treat the two girls before they would leave the barrick. When he began to pour out the poteen he saw it was milk that came out instead. Then they all began to wonder what happened. The girls told the Sergeant what happened on their way. The sergeant told them if they had given one drop to the cat nothing would have happened.

So they had to take it back again with them. It was between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock that night when they came to the very same spot the cat came before them again. He began to cry again. Then they threw him some of the stuff. When the girls came home they told (him) their story to their father. He looked in the keg and there the poteen was as good as ever.

Otherworldly Animal Stories

The Annals of the Four Masters claims that, in AD 690, "It rained a shower of blood in Leinster this year. Butter was there also turned into lumps of gore and blood, so that it was manifest to all in general. The wolf was heard speaking with human voice, which was horrific to all.

One tale describes how in 1182, a priest travelling from Ulster into Meath encountered a talking wolf, which revealed itself to be a man of Ossory, whose ancestors had been cursed to turn into wolves every seven years and return to their human form after another seven years had passed. The wolf explained that his wife, who was also under the curse, was dying, and he pleaded with the priest to give her the viaticum. The priest complied, and was later put on the right road to Meath by the grateful wolf.

Wolves in Ireland From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Bó Finne He told me that there was a man one time and he was very poor he had a lot of children and had no food or nothing to give them. One evening he said I must go and buy a cow in the fair tomorrow. The next morning he made ready for to go to the fair. When he was going round by the gable of the house there was a white cow standing there are the gable. He went into the house and told his wife. Then he tied the cow in the byre and milked her. He kept her until she reared seven calves. One evening he said I must sell that cow and calves. His wife begged him for to not sell the cow and calves but he, he would not heed her. The next morning he made ready. He loosed the cow and calves out of the byre. There was a lough beside the house the cow and calves gave a leap and leaped into the lough and were never seen again. —As collected by Mick Tinney from Sarah Tinney

<https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4428271/4390433>

Aoghán Ó Rathaille

Tobar lachta na n-anbhfann tréith-lag Bó na mbocht, 's a ndorus aonair. A well of milk for the weak and prostrate Cow of the poor, their only door.

Aoghán Ó Rathaille

Atá mo chóraid gan fuithin 's mo chuingir gan féar, gan fás, Atá anshógh ar mo mhuirear, Is a n-uillinn gan éadach slán; Atá an tóir ar mo mhullach, Go minic o Thighearna an stáit, Atá mo bhróga-sa briste, Is gan pinginn dá bhfiacha im láimh. My cattle are shelterless, My team, unfed, thrive ill, In misery my people dwell, Their elbows through their clothes, A price is on my head At the landlord's will; My shoes are tattered, And no wherewithal to make them good

The Glen of the Cow, Collected by Eily Gowen from Patrick Daly 19 Dec 1938
The Glen of the Cow is situated south of Ballyhooly and Fermoy—nearer to Fermoy than Ballyhooly. There is a small stream running from the Glen into the Blackwater. A Druid named "Mog Ruit" got Fermoy and the country around as a present from a [chief] of Mumhan because he discovered water for the [chief] and his army when they were in want of water one day when passing through. The [chief] told him to find a well. The Druid threw his spear from him and told the [chief] that he would get water under the ground under the spear. This Druid had a cow which every year went to a bull in Dromtariffe west of Mallow. On the journey the cow stayed at some house every night. She was fed by the people of that house. They milked her that night and the following morning no matter how large the milking vessel she filled it. There was great welcome for the cow. One night coming home she stayed in a place now called Knocknamadree in Ballyhooly parish. When going to milk her the man looked for the largest vessel he could find.

There was a lady visitor in the house who bet with him that she would find a vessel the cow would not fill. She found a sieve and needless to say she won the bet as the cow did not fill it. It is said the cow did not give a drop of milk from that day out. It is still said in the parish that when a person is milking a cow that gives a great amount of milk —"She has as much milk as the Cow of the Glen."—Duchas.ie

Seanfhocla Uladh/Proverbs of Ulster 1907, p. 183 by Énrí Ó Muirgheasa
"You were grand for milk when your cow was dry. Before the establishment of creameries in rural districts it was not usual to sell milk, but if any of the neighbour's cows were dry all the other neighbours gratuitously sent them milk, so much so indeed that many poor families never had such an abundant supply of milk as when their own cows were dry. A person who "was not good about milk" was held in contempt. Selling milk was looked upon as a rather mean kind of traffic. One man in Farney, who used to send his daughter in to sell milk in the town, used to explain apologetically that "Indeed it wasn't for the sake of the money, but to make the goirgeach8 bright.

Cork Historical and Archaeological Journal

From O'Heerin's Topographical Poem I take the following, in which there is mention of the Abhainn Mor :— " Fuair O' hAoda do brond ba, Muscraighe leathan Luachra ; Fine glan fhuinn an ghloir ghil, Imon Abhainn Moir Maighrigh. " "Oh Aodha, who bestowed cows, has got The wide Muscraighe Luachra; A tribe of fine land and high renown, About the salmon-full Abhainn Mor." About a mile south of Ballyhooly is a well named from St. Brendan the Navigator..Windele says that there is a holy well, Tobar Breuka, near Ballyhooly, whose waters are good for headaches

and sore eyes. .. He makes mention of the Glenna Bo ("Valley of the Cow") woods, forming part of the demesne grounds of [Norman] Castle Hyde, and he also refers to Coolnamuckee, or "the pig's corner," in the Ballyhooly district.

"The children of Lir remained that night in the ruins of the palace—the home of their forefathers, where they themselves had been nursed ; and several times during the night they chanted their sad, sweet, fairy music.

Early next morning they left Shee Finnaha, and flew west to Inis Glora, where they alighted on a small lake. There they began to sing so sweetly that all the birds of the district gathered in flocks round them on the lake, and on its shore, to listen to them ; so that the little lake came to be called the Lake of the Birdflocks. During the day the birds used to fly to distant points of the coast to feed, now to Iniskea of the lonely crane,* now to Achill, and sometimes south wards to Donn's Sea Rocks,+ and to many other islands and headlands along the shore of the Western Sea, but they returned to Inis Glora every night." • Iniskea ; a little rocky island near the coast of Erris, in Mayo. " The lonely crane of Iniskea" was one of the

"Wonders of Ireland." According to an ancient legend, which still lives among the peasantry of Mayo, a crane—one lonely bird—has lived on the island since the beginning of the world, and will live there till the day of judgment. + Donn's Sea Rocks—called in the text Teach-Dhuinn, or Donn's House, which is also the present Irish name ; a group of three rocks — from

The Fate of the Children of Lir, OLD CELTIC ROMANCES TRANSLATED FROM THE GAELIC BY P. W. JOYCE, LL.D., T.C.D. ; M.R.I.A. London, 1879
pp29-30 The Ritual of the Crane Dance Curse in Irish Mythology

Messe [ocus] Pangur bán

Hé fesin as choimsid dá in muid du-n-gní cach óenláu; do thabairt doraid

du glé for mumud céin am messe.

Seamus Heaney:

Kindred spirits, veterans. Day and night, soft purr, soft pad, Pangur Bán has learned his trade. Day and night, my own hard work Solves the cruxes, makes a mark.

Paul Muldoon: Pangur going in for the kill, with all his customary skill while I sharp-witted, swift, and sure shed light on what had seemed obscure.

Robin Flower: Practice every day has made Pangur perfect in his trade; I get wisdom day and night Turning darkness into light.

J. Marchand: He himself is master of it, the work which he does every day. To bring clarity to difficulty, I am at my own work.

W.H. Auden You rejoice, when your claws entrap a mouse; I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem. Pleased with his own art, neither hinders the other; Thus we live ever without tedium and envy.

The Secret of Kells (2009)

Me and white Pangur Two who relish bundles of art Me pursuing that which does not come easy

Frank O'Connor: Master of the death of mice, He keeps in daily practice, I too, making dark things clear, Am of my trade a master.

Jokes

But it's no use, says he. Force, hatred, history, all that.

That's not life for men and women, insult and hatred.

And everybody knows that it's the very opposite of that that is really life.

— What? says Alf.

— Love, says Bloom. I mean the opposite of hatred.

James Joyce, *Ulysses*

[Richard] Cumberland, who, in spite of the courtly compliments of his polished Memoirs, could be racy and significant enough in his conversation, once characterised in my presence a countryman of yours as 'a talking potato.' 'The race of talking potatoes is not extinct.' — Benjamin Disraeli to Mr. Spring Rice (afterwards Lord Monteagle), Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1836

Slang and Its Analogues Past and Present: A Dictionary, Historical and Comparative of the Heterodox Speech of All Classes of Society for More Than Three Hundred Years, Volume 1 By John Stephen Farmer, London, 1890, p 272 1883. *Saturday Review*, April 28, p. 515, col. I. It is long since the more respectable inhabitants of America have been divided between the convenience of the Irish as hewers of wood and drawers of water, and as voters easily BOSSSED or bribed on the one hand, and the manifold nuisance of them on the other.

From Grandpa Alechs DeBrún

A rich farmer was on his death bed. He told his wife to take his bill fold up on the roof on the house and put it under a shingle so when he went to heaven he could pick it up as he went by. A few days after his death his wife went up on the roof and looked under the shingle. Sure enough the bill fold was there. "Just as I thought," clucked his wife, "he's gone to the other place." Is fearr bothán biamhar ná caisleán gortach.

Then the noble, valiant descendants of Eoghan arose, and arranged themselves into a furious, steady, brave battalion of champions. —

Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil

Fionn Mac Cumhal Stories

We read in the old historical tale, *Agallamh na Seanoiridhe* (Dialogue of the Sages), which is now preparing for the Society, that Fionn mac Cumhall was a Philosopher, a Musician, a Bard, a Liagh, an Admiral, a Druid or Priest, a Statesman, a Commander, a Prophet— we have a prophecy related to the Danish and English invaders of our island, attributed to him; if he had lived three hundred and ten years, as we are told he did, and had been engaged in a severe course of study all that time, he could not possibly have been learned in all the arts and sciences required to render him eminent in all those arduous professions, since we know that the span of a long life was found only too short for men who had made any one of those branches their study, to enable them to master the science to which they applied themselves.

Hence the name of Fionn, son of Cumhall, did not really rest on his individual merits as a man, but was built on other persons...who had been his predecessors. [lost this source of predecessors]

from Mná Feasa's Domestic Violence Project, Cork

The name 'Mná Feasa' (in English, "Wise Women") originates from Irish Mythology. They were warrior women to whom Fionn Mac Cumhaill was sent as a child by his mother to save him from potential violence or death.

duchas.ie Ballynakillew Mountain, Co. Donegal Teacher: Mary K. Nutt This is a true story telling how Lough Neagh and the Isle of Man or more properly Ellen Vannin was made. Once upon a time Fionn Mac Cumhaill was

standing in Antrim and a giant was standing in England. Fionn gathered a large amount of soil into his arms. When the soil was pulled it formed the immense hole where Lough Neagh now stands. He threw the soil meaning to hit the giant in England, but instead of hitting the giant the soil fell in the sea and formed the Isle of Man.

As legend has it, Ulidia was once home to a giant named Finn McCool (also called Fionn Mac Cumhail). When another giant – Benandonner, across the Irish Sea in Scotland – threatened Ireland, Finn retaliated by tearing up great chunks of the Antrim coastline and hurling them into the sea.

The newly-created path – the Giant's Causeway – paved a route over the sea for Finn to reach Benandonner. However, this turns out to be a bad idea as Benandonner is a massive giant, much bigger than Finn!

In order to save himself, Finn retreats to Ireland and is disguised as an infant by his quick-thinking wife.

When Benandonner arrives, he sees Finn disguised as an infant and realises that if a mere infant is that big, the father must be far larger than Benandonner himself!

Following this realisation, Benandonner rushes back to Scotland, tearing away as much of the Causeway as he can in his haste to put as much distance between Ireland and himself as possible.

thegiantscusewaytour.com

reference may be made to the story known as the Macgnimarthu Find, which is assigned by Meyer to the twelfth century. Here we are told that

Finn cooked and ate the salmon of Fec's pool in the Boyne, which are manifestly the salmon of wisdom associated with the Boyne in the Dinnsenchas of Boand. 'It is that which gave knowledge to Finn, to wit, whenever he put his thumb into his mouth and sang through tenm laida, then whatever he had been ignorant of would be revealed to him. He learnt three things that constitute a poet, to wit, tenm laida (which Meyer translates 'illumination (?) of song'), and imbas forosna ('knowledge which illumines,' Meyer), and dichetal dichennaib ('extempore incantation,' Meyer). It is interesting to note that the song which Finn composed 'to prove his poetry' is the 'Song of Summer,' beginning 'May-day, season surpassing,' Imbas Forosnai by Nora K. Chadwick Scottish Gaelic Studies, vol 4, part 2, pp. 97-135 Oxford University Press (1935)

Fionn McCool: Thou art not one of the Piasts of Éire, Thou despicable thing without shape or form ; Whence hast thou come to the glen ? Asked Fionn the liberal and brave. Piast I have subdued every land, Hosts have fallen by my prowess ; Unless from you I do obtain my wish (in conflict), I will not leave a remnant of you alive.

Fionn By thy love for hospitality relate to us, Though great thy feats and thy hideousness ; The history of thy father and mother, Before we cast our weapons against thee. Piast I entailed woe upon every country,

Ard-na-gCath is truly my name ; O Fionn, whose repute and prowess is great, I care not for thy hosts or their arms. The Fenians all engaged in the fight, It required great bravery to conquer it ; They fought, though hard the contest, Until the vital spark its body left. Of all the Piasts that fell by Fionn, The number never can be told ; The exploits and achievements he performed, There is no person who can recount.

In Loch Laeghaire there always was a Piast That was wont to light fires ;
Despite all the treacherous means it used, With his arms he beheaded it.
The monster of Drobhaois, proved in brave acts, And the Fool of the
mountain of Clare ; Fionn slew with Mac-an-Luinn, Though their conflict
and battles were dreadful.

The monster of Loch Lurgan, though active, By Fionn of the Fenians it fell ;
It shall not be recorded till the day of doom, The destruction he dealt upon
hosts. The Piast of the murmuring Barm fell, By the hand of Fionn of the
hard conflicts ; Numerous the losses we sustained by their strength, Until
they were destroyed by Fionn. Excerpted Feis Tighe Chonain Chinn-Shleibe,
1855, Ó Kearney, from the Laoi of the Chace of Sliabh Truim, from Mr. Ó
Daly's collection of Irish Manuscripts.

Martyr Stories

Our Father Among the Saints Episcopal Martyr Naomh Réamonn Ó
Gallchóir Derry Journal

‘They fell upon the Bishop and they mangled him with many a wound’ -
420 years ago Bishop Réamonn O’Gallagher was murdered by Henry
Docwra’s men outside Derry

Four hundred and twenty years ago, as the Nine Years’ War raged,
Réamonn O’Gallagher, was murdered by English soldiers outside Derry. The
Raphoe-born bishop, a confidant and counsellor to Red Hugh O’Donnell
and ‘The Great’ Hugh O’Neill, was a notable scalp for Elizabeth I and her
henchmen. His murder, on Ash Wednesday, 1601, deprived Gaelic society in
the territories of Inis Eógain, Tir Chonail, Oireacht-Ui-Chathain, Cianacht

and Tír Eoghain, of a temporal, as well as a spiritual, leader. Derry was left without a Catholic bishop for 119 years after his death. ... Lynch explains that everyone in the house fled apart from O’Gallagher who was too old and tried to hide among sheaves of corn. “The enemy having got up to the house, and having laid hold on a woman and boy, slaughtered them both, and went away. The people of the place then went into the house and asked was there anyone there still alive. The bishop from his hiding-place answered that he was still alive. “One of the army servants of the enemy, who was lurking close by, overhearing the voice, hurries off to his party with his utmost speed, urges them to come back, which they do without delay, fall upon the Bishop, thus taken by surprise, mangle him with many a wound and leave him lifeless.” A harried figure the bishop was eventually run down by the English outside Derry on March 7, 1601. The Ó Cléirigh scribes who wrote the AFM in Donegal in the 1600s, record it thus: “Réamonn O’Gallagher, Bishop of Derry, was killed by the English in Oireacht-Ui-Chathain.” He was ... 80 years old.

...England’s persecution of O’Gallagher persisted beyond his death on March 7, 1601. The Lord Deputy Mountjoy received correspondence from Derry about what Devlin believes may have been the desecration of O’Gallagher’s Funeral Mass. “Lord Deputy Mountjoy wrote to Cecil at the end of March 1601 from Drogheda enclosing an extract from a letter that had just come from Derry with the news that the ‘garrisons of Derry hath slain (at a Mass, as is said) the Prior of Derry and twenty of the principal priests of Ulster in a church’. The only possible explanation for such an assembly at such a time, surely, is that they had gathered to bury the leading churchman of the country, and that, aware of this, Bolles or some such had returned to ambush the funeral,” Devlin muses. There followed a very dark period as the English colonial project was turbocharged in Ulster which had hitherto been one of the last major reboobts of Gaelic

civilisation in Ireland. Little over a year later O'Donnell was buried in Valladolid, after either being poisoned by the English agent James Blake or succumbing to illness in Simancas castle. In 1603 the insurgency was over and by 1607 the leaders, including O'Neill left Rathmullan for Europe.

Father Peter O'Higgins OP, Prior of the Dominican monastery of Naas, hanged under orders from Sir Charles Coote, despite O'Higgins' welldocumented efforts to protect local Protestant civilians from sectarian violence during the English Parliamentary rebellion of 1641, at Dublin on 23 March 1642. Wikip 1579 The martyrdom of the holy Bishop of Mayo, Patrick Hely, and his companion, Father O'Rourke...both martyrs were of the Franciscan order. They were hanged upon a tree, and their bodies remained suspended for fourteen days, to be used as targets by the soldiery.

1607: Niall O'Boyle, O.S.F., beheaded or hanged, January 15, Co. Tyrone
Thaddus O'Boyle, guardian of Donegal, slain, April 13, by soldiers. 1590: fr. Gerald Fitzgerald, O.P. - priest in Killmallock, hanged in 1648 Cormac MacEgan, O.P. - laybrother, hanged in 1642 fr. John Collins, O.P. – priest in Limerick, hanged in 1614 fr. David Roche, O.P. - Prior of Glentworth, deported to Barbados and died in 1653

THE DOMINICANS OF ROSCOMMON Luke Taheny O.P. Saint Mary's Priory Tallaght

There is hardly any need to remind the Irish people of the campaign of the redoubtable Oliver. A religious zealot, a scourge from God like Attila of old, he stalked the land with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other. His deeds of bloodshed at Drogheda and Wexford have passed into world history. Although Cromwell spent only nine months in Ireland, his followers

were no less brutal and unmerciful than he was. One has only to remember Clonmel, Limerick and Galway. The accounts of their exploits, conducted in Russian style, are sickening to read. Cromwell's well-known principle of relegating the Irish to Connaught did not extend to leaving them there in peace. For his henchmen pursued their enemies, the priests and religious, to the extreme limits of that province. When they grew tired of killing them, they put the remainder into concentration- camps on the Aran and Clare Islands. But some did escape, mindful of the divine words: "If they pursue you in one city flee to another." Only a quarter of them ever got to the continent. The names and number of the Cromwellian victims will never be fully known. Some have come down to us, and in particular we record the public hanging in Galway of the Roscommon laybrother Bernard O'Kelly in 1653. After long confinement in a squalid prison, held down by chains and starved, clad only in his tunic (the only garment left him) the chronicle says: "He manfully gave his life for the cause of religion."

By the end of the 12-year reign of Adolf Hitler in 1945, tens of millions of Catholics had died as soldiers, in forced labor, as civilian casualties in the fighting, or as victims in the gas chambers. Catholic churches, cathedrals, monasteries, convents, schools, universities, and monuments lay in ruins....
...the 2,720 clergy sent to Dachau, 2,579 were Catholic priests, along with uncertain numbers of seminarians and lay brothers Catholic Martyrs of the [Nazi] Holocaust Shoah <https://www.catholic.com> MATTHEW E. BUNSON • 11/1/2008

Eugene O'Gallagher and Bernard O'Trevir, his Prior, and the other monks to the number of thirty, lived according to their rule, undisturbed from the first erection of the abbey till some years after the suppression of nearly all the other monasteries, while the power of O'Neill and O'Donnell lasted. But when they fled across the sea the monks too were forced to fly, and when

they died at Rome in 1609, the English took occasion to seize on their vast domains and possessions, threw down the monastery, and drove out the monks. The venerable Eugene O’Gallagher who happened to be away from his monastery, was slain by the aforesaid enemies through hatred of the faith. So too, Bernard O’Trevir, one of his monks, when flying from his persecutors, was slain near the monastery in the year 1606, in the same year and month as the Abbot, but not on the same day, and entered heaven wearing a martyr’s crown.

<https://www.mixcloud.com/ourmartyrspodcast/82-eugeneogallagherbernardotrevir-ocist/?play=fb>

Tecosca

Tecosca what-when-how.com Literature that in a pithy, sententious style comments on the nature of humankind and the world or that gives aphoristic, moralizing precepts is known as gnomic, or wisdom, literature. The wide variety of wisdom texts and the large number of gnomic statements scattered throughout tales and poetry give evidence of the high esteem that the genre enjoyed in Irish literature. A distinct subgroup of Irish wisdom texts is called tecosc (instruction), plural tecosca, consisting of advice on the moral qualities appropriate to kings that was usually attributed to legendary figures of the past and directed at their pupils or foster sons. Tecosca can be equated with the later continental genre of *specula principum* (Mirrors of Princes). These texts emphasize moderate and considerate social conduct and encourage defense and maintenance of the traditional law. A distinct lack of heroic, warriorlike ethics is noticeable. The central theme of the tecosca is that of *fir flathemon* (the ruler’s truth). By acting in accord with this concept, the ruler secures peace, stability, and prosperity for himself and for his people, since his justice and righteousness

correlates with the welfare of his country.

The idea of fir flathemon has been compared with similar concepts in the Indo-Iranian world, such as Vedic rta- (right order) and Avestan a2a- (rightness). Keating claims that tecosca were recited at the inauguration of kings until the Norman period. The oldest of these in the Irish language is Audacht Morainn (AM) (The Testament of Morann), which on linguistic grounds can be dated in its oldest recension to the late seventh century. AM, which consists of 164 lines in sixty-three paragraphs, expresses the ideas of fir flathemon in its most concise form of all tecosca, cp. the catalogue of its beneficial effects introduced by the phrase *Is tre fir flathemon . . .* "It is through the ruler's truth that . . . " (§§ 12-28).

AM shows affinities in form and in substance with law tracts of the Bretha Nemed school. The probably ninth-century Tecosca Cormaic (TCor) (The Instructions of Cormac), advice given by the wise king Cormac in reply to questions of his son and successor Cairpre, is the longest Irish wisdom text. In some manuscripts it consists of thirty-seven sections (746 lines), but only the first eighteen are believed to make up the original part of the work. Other paragraphs may have been borrowed from Senbriathra Fithail (SF) (The Old Sayings of Ffthal (king Cormac's judge)) (245 lines in thirteen sections). The focus of SF, composed around 800, lies less on political instruction than on statements of a general nature (§§ 1-6, 9), which are cast to a large extent into three-word maxims such as *Dligid fir fortacht* (Truth should be supported) (§ 5.2) and *Tosach eolais imchomarc* (Inquiry is the beginning of knowledge) (§ 1.4).

Tecosca Cormaic ('The Instructions of Cormac') "Let him make make known every clear judgement Abundance of wine and mead, Let him utter every

truth, for it is through the truth of the ruler that God gives all that." — Meyer, 'The Instructions of Cormac mac Airt,' in Royal Irish Academy Todd Lecture Series Volume XV, 1909, p5.

Survivor Stories

Justice for Magdalenes Research.

Sherry Farrell Racette, Métis/Timiskaming Algonquin/Irish The first time I travelled to Europe to visit museum collections, I was overwhelmed by the sheer volume of cultural material from across the globe. I was looking for "our stuff" and I found it. When I got back, the first thing people would ask was, "Did you bring them back?" It was difficult to explain, to older people in particular, why I couldn't do that. I couldn't explain it to myself. One day when I was feeling very frustrated, I thought, "The only way we're ever going to get that stuff back is if those women, the artists, just go there and get it." So these are my superheroes, and my imaginary vindication. Our female ancestors fly across the ocean, invade the museums and take back our possessions. The women have blasted the doors of the museum open, thrown their cotton print dresses away, and reclaimed their traditional dresses. Every dress in the painting is a real dress in a museum collection. I felt much better after I finished. By painting this I took something back. I brought them home. Ancestral Women Taking Back Their Dresses – 1990 Gouache and watercolour on paper 50 x 61.7 cm Collection of the Saskatchewan Arts Board, Regina

Slang and Its Analogues Past and Present: A Dictionary, Historical and Comparative of the Heterodox Speech of All Classes of Society for More Than Three Hundred Years, Volume 1 By John Stephen Farmer, London, 1890, p. 108 BALFOUR'S MAIDEN, subs. (Parliamentary).— A nickname given to a kind of covered battering-ram used by the Royal Irish Constabulary in carrying out evictions in Ireland in the years 1888-9. On

many estates the tenants made most desperate resistance to all attempts on the part of the landlords to recover possession, upon which the latter appealed for, and obtained the assistance of the authorities. This but served to intensify the struggle, and the tenants, driven to extremities, in some cases resisted all endeavours, even to throwing boiling water over the soldiers and police employed against them. To protect the evictors, and also to render easier the demolition of the cabins of the wretched people, a kind of covered battering-ram was made, whereupon the Home Rule Party sarcastically gave it, amongst other nick-names, that of BALFOUR'S MAIDEN. The term was first used by Sir Win. Harcourt in a speech at a monster Home Rule meeting, held at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday. April 10, 1889. An account of the incident runs as follows:-

1889, Daily News, April 15. Resolute government has not been absolutely extinguished. Now at Letterkenny, Mr. Balfour has introduced a new invention, the latest development of resolute government.

The Government were questioned on the subject, and they accepted the responsibility for the facts. It stated that in view of the Olphert estate evictions, there reached there an iron-headed spiked battering-ram to be used in carrying out the evictions. Why, really, gentlemen, when you read of these things they are like the pictures one sees of the Siege of Jerusalem —(loud laughter) — of the implements, which the Latins called tormenta. We are familiar with them in old mediaeval castles. You find instruments called 'The Scavenger's Daughter,' and 'The Maiden,' and other implements of that character. I think this last pattern of ram of Mr. Balfour's might be called 'The Unionist's Daughter'— (loud laughter)— or it might be christened 'BALFOUR'S MAIDEN.' (Cheers and laughter.) But not to deprive the Liberal Unionists of their share we might call it 'Chamberlain's Tenants' Protector.' (Renewed merriment.)¹

Lessons from the Oglala Lakota (Sioux): Cultural Identity and Practices as Healing for Multigenerational Trauma The Irish and the Lakota have been compared conceptually due to similar histories of colonization ...The Irish historian, Kevin Whelen [Ó Faoláin] described indigenous Irish before 1850 in terms similar to rural Indian villages in [Oileán an Turtair] "in this intimate face-to-face world... a rich oral culture was encouraged... Singing, dancing, and story telling emerged as the prized art forms. All this life was intricately interwoven...

THE MOTHERS' LAMENT AT THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS Then, as the executioner plucked her son from her breast, one of the women said : Why do you tear from me my darling son, The fruit of my womb ? It was I who bore him. My breast he drank. My womb carried him about. My vitals he sucked, My heart he filled. He was my life, 'Tis death to have him taken from me. My strength has ebbed, My speech is silenced. My eyes are blinded. Then another woman said : It is my son you take from me. I did not do the evil. But kill me—me ! Kill not my son ! My breasts are sapless. My eyes are wet. My hands shake. My poor body totters. My husband has no son. And I no strength. My life is like death. O my own son, O God ! My youth without reward. My birthless sicknesses Without requital until Doom. My breasts are silent, My heart is wrung,

Then said another woman : Ye are seeking to kill one. Ye are killing many. Infants ye slay, The fathers ye wound, The mothers ye kill. Hell with your deed is full, Heaven is shut, Ye have spilt the blood of guiltless innocents.

And yet another woman said : O Christ, come to me ! With my son take my soul quickly ! great Mary, Mother of God's Son, What shall I do without my son ? For Thy Son my spirit and sense are killed. I am become a crazy

woman for my son. After the piteous slaughter My heart is a clot of blood
From this day till Doom.

Family Traditions

Sacral Elements of Irish Chieftain Daniel Bray in This Immense Panorama:
Studies in Honour of Eric J Sharpe, p107-109. Although there are no extant
Irish myths that explicitly define the social order (or creation of the cosmos,
for that matter), there are a number of myths which are indicative of a
similar form of social hierarchy, patterned on the human body...Corpus Iuris
Hibernici, describing the divisions of the family (fine):

The derbfine ('certain family') is like the trunk of the human body, the
taobfine ('lateral family') is like the two upper arms that branch out from
the flank, the iarfine is like the two forearms, the innfine is like the two fists,
and the ingen ar meraib (literally 'fingernails' and the last degree of
kinship) are like the fingers and the nails.

Fosterage in ancestral Ireland

Bronagh Ní Chonail History Ireland, Earrach 1997

"...Fosterage strengthened natural bonds of kinship between various
branches of a clan. In a turbulent world, it also served as a means of
negotiating political advantage and gaining allies, and in war, fosterlings
could be held for ransom.... In [ancestral]... Ireland, according to customary
law, the maternal and paternal kin had a say in where the child was placed,
thus the kin group as a whole took an active interest in the future of the
child. The valued position of children—as heir, succour in life, support in
old age—is why the death of a child was particularly tragic ... The foster-
child by customary law had to provide aid and maintenance (goire) for his
foster-parents in later life. Fosterage therefore was a life-long commitment.
Fosterage ties often meant much more than maintenance...."

V God rest your soul, old Paddy Hayes, my heart knew naught of grief
When listening to the tales you told of Donal Ogue O'Keeffe; That outlaw
bold whose very name causes Saxon cheeks to pale From green Duhallow's
fertile glen afar to wild Kinsale. And when the Bad-fires flickering flames
began to dim and die, How loath we felt to leave that scene, so fraught
with mirth and joy. They twisted a wreath of Summer flowers and crowned
you as their queen. That St. John's Night by Bad-fire light, near Allo's slopes
so green.

VI We're far away, my Eily dear, from holy Ireland's shore Her fairy glens,
her green robed hills, perhaps we'll see no more But ever in my heart shall
dwell that mystic Bad-fire night. Where every brow flushed bright and gay
beneath the glowing light, And still thank God in Erin's land they guard
with heart and hand Those old Traditions of the Past, so simple, pure &
grand. God bless them for that same Eily, oh, may they shortly see That
dear old land, so brave and bland, a Nation proud and free. June 1871 –
John Christmas Deady Julia C. Deady Banteer, Co. Cork.

<https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4921777/4906327>

From very early times the major ritual assemblies of the year provided
opportunity for exchange of goods, of livestock and of news, and for the
maintenance of folk tradition and bardic skill. In a... Ireland, it is recorded
there were two kinds of assemblies, the "aonach" for [family time] and the
"aireacht" for [law], but it seems probable that, like the great fairs of recent
times, they served both purposes. It is suggestive of the ritual and religious
elements that they generally met on hill-tops — often the sight of
prehistoric burials — and that they took place at the fixed times ..."

Eugenia Shanklin, Donegal's Changing Traditions: An Ethnographic Study

Local traditions often boldly declare that their districts were once so well wooded that the graceful little habitant of groves, the cat cruinn, or martin, could leap from bough to bough for many a mile.... THE JOURNAL KILKENNY AND SOUTH-EAST OF IRELAND ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. VOL. I NEW SERIES. 1856-57 WOODS AND FASTNESSES, AND THEIR DENIZENS, IN ANCIENT LEINSTER. BY HERBERT F. HORE, ESQ

There is a local tradition that at that time you could walk on the tops of trees from the site of St. Fanachan's Well to Kilbehenny, and though this may involve a certain flight of fancy, it is, probably, not an exaggerated statement. JOURNAL OF THE Cork Historical and Archaeological Society. Vol. II. MAY, 1893. No. 17. The White Knight. By REV. CANON COURTENAY MOORE, M.A., Mitchelstown. Council Member.

Meitheal - Using the old Irish tradition of a Meitheal to develop a resilient, adaptive, autopoietic learning community, Liam Ó Gógáin, 16 Eanáir 2002
'Meitheal is an ancient Irish tradition of a group coming together for a common purpose and working together and for each other to ensure that all succeed in achieving their goal. and nurtures the Genius of the group. When cultivated and conscientised, this richness provides the lubrication, creativity, magic, self belief and resilience for the Meitheal to respond to changes in its environment and to demands made on its members, whether they are rapid and unpredictable, or foreseeable and moderately paced, in a balanced, congruent, holistic and effective manner. In terms of managing change, particularly against the world view of accelerating chaotic unpredictable change, Meitheal can operate as an aware, congruent, self reliant, adaptive self organizing organism...."

Q: What's your favourite technique, Glen? Glen: Any technique that works, is my favourite. When a guy is coming at me with a stick, with the intent of

bashing my brain in, any Uisce technique that works is the right one, and is my automatic favorite (laughs). Q: Did you ever witness your father training, or fighting with his blackthorn? Glen: Yes a few times. I was so honored to be able to remember him training, working out, and of course competing with his cousins and what not. There were some good hits in those days. Q: Did your father have a favourite technique? Glen: Yes he did. Ironically his favourite technique would finish off the opponent with fists, rather than stick. He called it a catapult. Basically it was him heaving his stick horizontally at his opponent's nose and when the stick struck the opponent, my dad moved in with his 'fists a flying' and pummeled him down (smiles). Glen Doyle Rince an Bhata Uisce Bheatha Ancestral Irish Bataireacht • Cethern Coille speaking with Jamie Bloom in Toronto

Glen Doyle Rince an Bhata Uisce Bheatha Ancestral Irish Bataireacht • Cethern Coille The Ten Commandments of Rince an Bhata Uisce Bheatha . The Ten Commandments could be considered the code of conduct for a Rince an Bhata Uisce Bheatha fighter. These were handed down from generation to generation. When Glen was a child first learning the art of Rince an Bhata Uisce Bheatha, he copied down these rules verbatim from his father. The explanations of the rules are how Glen's late father explained them to him. 1. Never trust anything you can count on Pertains to the number one target of the stick fighter - the hand. (i.e. You can count by using the fingers on your hand.) Hit your opponent's hand and he drops his stick. 2. Evermore Alee against those who oppose Never retreat when stick fighting, always move in or stand your ground. 3. Enter each match with a cock of the tin Pertains to the act of wheeling before each match - a verbal battle of wits. 4. Always leave the table with the hunger in your stomach When your opponent is no longer a threat, step away and allow them to retreat. 5. Remember Skibbereen For every blow you sustain when fighting, return with two of your own. 6. Give the

Come Hither When factions meet, call out their biggest or their best stick fighter immediately to make an example of him 7. Tell of the One Fear Warn the other stick fighter if the fight is to the death. i.e. "The only fear I have is the fear of killin' you."

8. Never walk from a Dogfall Never end a contest in a draw or an unknown victor; there must be one sure winner. 9. Blaze abroad your clan with might Announce to your foe that you are of Doyle blood so they know from where the blow fell. 10. Through Fortitude We Conquer The Doyle Family motto found on the coat of arms.

Unofficial Healing in Ulster by ANTHONY D. BUCKLEY From Ulster Folklife 1980 vol 26 pp 15-34 All of the healers discussed regard health as something which cannot be paid for. All of the divine healers, and most of those who have the cure, though in different ways, regard their procedures as merely the instrument through which God heals the sick. It is widely felt that it is immoral to accept payments for practising divine healing or the cure.

Buried Treasure

Hidden Treasure Long ago there was a trunk of gold hidden in Armstrong's wood, about a mile from Ballinamore. They could not get it up without six pure white horses. They got six white horses, but there was one black hair on one of the horse's back. They put white wadding on it to cover it. They traced the six horses into the trunk, and when they had the trunk out halfway a big white cat jumped out of the hole, jumped up on the horse's back and scraped the wadding off where the black hair was. When the cat saw the the black hair, the traces broke and the trunk fell back again, because they hadn't six pure white horses. The cat jumped off the horse's back and disappeared.⁵²⁷ — As told by Patrick Murphy to James Murphy, Cleenaghoo, Co. Leitrim

Mac Carthy's Treasure from duchas.ie as recorded by Helen Clancy from Mrs Ellen Linehan in Blarney, Co. Cork Everyone who knows the history of Blarney Castle should know about Mac Carthy's Treasure. When Cromwell attacked the Mac Carthys they (the Mac Carthys) went through a tunnel which led to a lake about 30 acres in area into which they threw all their jewels so that Cromwell would not get them as well as the Castle. Here is a Legend connected with the lake – Every May a woman riding w white horse appears on the lake. And if the seventh son of the seventh son of the Mac Carthys is there when she appears she will give him the treasure. The Castle is now owned by Sir George Colthurst. Many tourists come to visit the Castle and maybe some day one of them will be the seventh son of the seventh son of the Mac Carthys. If it is we hope that he will come on a May morning and that he will visit the lake and by such means receive the treasure of his ancestors.

The three tools that are called Crooked against Crooked, Corner against Corner, and Engine against deceit." THE GLOSS GAVLEN Narrator, JOHN McGINTY, Achill Island, co Mayo. WEST IRISH FOLK-TALES AND ROMANCES, WILLIAM LARMINIE, 1893.

Lúcás 10:36 Cé acu den triúr sin, do bharúil, ba chomharsa don té a tharla i líon na robálaithe?" 37 Dúirt sé: "An té a rinne an trócaire air." Dúirt Íosa leis: "Imigh leat, agus déan féin mar an gcéanna."

Tá Aoibhill ar mise gus Áine óg, Agus Clíonadh an bhruinneall is áille snódh Táid mílte gus tuilleadh den táin seo fós Dá suidheamh le buile gus tháinig an leoghan

Measaim go rubhach do Mhumhain an fhuaim ' S dá maireann go dubhach
de chrú na mbuadh Torann na dTonn le sleasaibh na loing Ag tarraingt go
teann 'nár gceann ar gcuard.

A'ohe hope e ho'i mai ai.